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THE DEADLOCK over seats in the Council of the League of Nations promises to be ended as these pages go to press, provided Brazil can be persuaded to withdraw her eleventh-hour demand for a permanent instead of her present temporary place. But the quarrel has disclosed a record of backstairs negotiations at Locarno, more disgraceful than surprising, which does much to dull the glow heretofore emanating from that conference. France, it will be remembered, received at Locarno an assurance of the existing Franco-German boundaries; Poland received no such guarantee in regard to her lines. In its place, apparently, she did receive a secret promise from Briand and Chamberlain of a seat in the Council. Naturally Poland has been standing out for her bargain, and that has caused the trouble. Secret diplomacy dies hard, but its price is always disastrous. Meanwhile Briand is again Premier of France—for the ninth time. He has a new Minister of Finance, Raoul Peret, and his Cabinet is in general a little further toward the Right than before; otherwise the situation is essentially unchanged. France needs a ministry farther to the Left rather than the Right, but as the present Parliament affords no support for such a cabinet, Briand and his group may be able to muddle along as well as any. They will presumably take up the finance bill where they left it and try to balance the budget without offending too violently any of the warring factions in Parliament.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA has announced a program of progressive restriction of the export of opium to a quantity sufficient for medical and scientific uses. Since Indian opium has an extremely low morphia content, this promises the eventual abolition of opium exportation from India and the consequent loss to the Government of upward of £2,000,000 of revenue annually. The inability of delegates to agree to such a program a year ago rendered the Opium Conference at Geneva apparently futile. The governments in conference consented to limit their export trade to "legitimate purposes," a term which was ineffectual by reason of its vagueness and has since caused the Government of India considerable trouble, as Lord Reading himself confesses in his announcement of the new policy. This new turn of events suggests that the opium conferences were not wholly futile but served their purpose in bringing the export trade before the bar of world opinion. The significance of this step by the Indian Government can be judged from the fact that India is second only to Persia in known quantity of export, although China, the quantity of whose export is unknown, probably exceeds either. Attention is now directed to Persia, where a commission headed by Frederick A. Delano will presently begin investigating substitutes for the poppy crop. That will perhaps be no great stumbling block, since in India it was found that the production of wheat was much more attractive, and in the past inducements had to be offered to opium-growers to prevent them from changing to grain. India still faces a huge internal consumption, which in some sections of the country rises far above the 100-seer mark.

FACED WITH A DESPERATE crisis in coal some months ago, Great Britain postponed the evil day by granting a subsidy to the industry while a Royal Commission under the chairmanship of Sir Herbert Samuel proceeded to find the facts on which to base a final settlement. The Commission has just tendered its report, and the closest it has been able to get to final settlement is a probable coal strike, if not a general strike, next April if the recommendations are put into effect. In the center of considerable sugar-coating lies the pill which the miners simply will not swallow—an 11 per cent reduction in wages for the better paid workers. And the London *Daily Herald* ominously remarks: "The labor movement as an industrial and political whole will make the miners' case its own." The report recommends—as an offset to the wage reduction—that the State should take over mineral rights by buying out the royalties but that the mining operation itself should remain in private hands. It recommends the amalgamation of small operating units, the extension of research, and better technical methods generally. Marketing of coal should be in the hands of cooperative selling agencies. The working day should not be lengthened. Profit-sharing should be introduced. Finally, the subsidy now being paid should terminate on April 30. There are certain sound and forward-looking recommendations in the report. It is a pity that they may be rendered largely meaningless by the commission's failure to grasp the cardinal principle demanded by the psychology of the crisis—no reduction in wages.

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THE EUROPEAN SITUATION is not without an occasional flash of humor. Take the sad case of Prince Windischgraetz. When His Serene Highness began his career of counterfeiter he delegated three Awakening Magyars to carry the gospel of "phoney" money to the Low Countries by the shores of the North Sea. The three royal-apostolic messengers proceeded to Amsterdam and the next day awoke in a Dutch jail. Thereupon there was great uproar in Budapest. The Dutch authorities were called upon to deliver the poor martyrs from bondage. When the gendarmes refused to surrender their victims, pointing to the bales of faked francs and guilders and marks that had been found upon their persons, Budapest actually rattled its little tin sword and called the Dutch many uncomplimentary names. Now behold the amusing side. After the war Holland specialized in Hungarian infants. They came to every Dutch town and village by the trainload, and they continue to come, to be fed and to be returned home with the proverbial new lease on life. But such is the passion of politics that this item was overlooked in Hungary when a casual money-changer in the Hague stumbled upon one of the most scandalous plots ever devised against a friendly nation. Meanwhile we are eagerly awaiting the hour when Prince Windischgraetz shall descend upon our shores. The poor man has worked hard enough to deserve a little rest, and the Hungarian Minister (his dearly beloved cousin) will have no trouble convincing Secretary Kellogg that a charge of mere counterfeiting involves no "moral turpitude."

SENATOR NORRIS has again done a most useful service by getting the Senate to vote a committee of five to investigate the Tariff Commission and particularly the President's relation to it. That the resolution was voted by a good margin would seem to be pleasant proof that the Coolidge spell, which has enabled the President to do such things as having his wife's secretary carried on the secret payroll of the Alien Property Custodian's office, is beginning to pass. Further evidence of this is the final rejection by the Senate Judiciary Committee of the nomination for a federal judgeship of Wallace McCammant, the man who named Mr. Coolidge for Vice-President. It is admitted that the Senate will not overrule the Judiciary Committee. The committee of five appointed by Vice-President Dawes to investigate the Tariff Commission consists of two Republicans, Wadsworth and Reed (of Pennsylvania); two Democrats, Robinson and Bruce; and La Follette, Progressive. The committee is a strong one with the exception of Senator Bruce, who never fails to help the Republicans out when they get into a hole. But the presence of Messrs. Robinson and La Follette on the committee is a guarantee that the President's acts both in packing the Tariff Commission and in seeking to control its opinions will receive the overhauling they deserve.

SECRETARY MELLON announced last December that a plan had been worked out for the return to the owners of the sequestrated German and Austrian private property and for the payment of the American private claims by a bond issue discounting the Dawes payments. (*The Nation*, December 23, 1925, page 720.) By holding on to the property, we have violated the best American tradition, weakened the foundation of foreign investment in this country, and by tolerating "Custodian" Palmer's and Garvan's dissipation of much of the property made our protests against Mexico and Russia crass hypocrisy. The Chemical Foundation deal is unique in the annals of confiscation. Since December the Administration has deferred on one excuse or another the carrying out of its plan. The long delay endangers the passage of any bill at this session of Congress. Should this prove the case, it will be strong evidence of bad faith on the part of the Administration in not carrying through a project which an enlightened opinion has long demanded; if the bill fails, the Administration should be held responsible. To continue to keep out of the channels of trade and commerce for more than eight years the $300,000,000 that are left of the Alien Property fund, and to keep this sum from its owners at this critical pass in the industrial life of Europe, is nothing less than an economic and social scandal. The good faith of the Administration calls for a vigorous insistence upon the prompt enactment of the measure.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, warning the Filipinos against pleading for independence, tells them that if they dare get from under our protecting wing either Japan or Britain (ignoring treaties) will seize them. As a former diplomat Mr. Morgenthau should know that to impugn the good faith of friendly and powerful governments is both bad manners and dangerous jingoism, particularly striking when coming from an advocate of the League of Nations. Before uttering such nonsense Mr. Morgenthau might also have asked himself why the answer to that particular problem, if it exists, is not neutralization of the islands after the manner of Switzerland. Representative Underhill, too, is one of the chorus who wish to break our national word. To give independence to the Filipinos would, he says, "leave 12,000,000 people at the mercy of 500,000 cheap, low-down politicians," which is especially interesting since he is one of a couple of thousand American politicians who have about 127,000,000 people, including the Filipinos, at their mercy! And then there is Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, who says that some Filipinos have informed him, "privately," that they would prefer to continue as a subject race. Well, what of it? John Adams said that about one-third of the Colonists opposed the Revolution of 1776 at every stage. And it is worth remembering that George III had extended to the Colonies no such official promise of freedom as we have given the islands. Mr. Morgenthau, although he now traduces Great Britain, would have preferred in that day, we may assume, that her feeble American dependency remain under her solicitous protection; and Professor Jenks, in view of the large number of royalists, now denounces by indirection the rebellion which George Washington led.

WITH THE CAMPAIGN to end capital punishment in New York State *The Nation* is in the heartiest accord. This form of legal murder has never been proved a deterrent to crime, it has more than once resulted in a totally irretrievable wrong being done an innocent man, and it offers, to any person with imagination, the spectacle of the state engaging in one of the most ingenious forms of torture ever devised. It does not matter what form the execution takes, the days and nights spent in the death-house before the penalty is exacted subject the prisoner to a form of cruelty worse than the ancient thumbscrew and the rack. The nights in which prisoners sing

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or shout or pray to keep their courage up, the days through which they must live, without occupation and practically alone, the prospect of leaving their cells only once more and that to enter a death chamber—all these things are unworthy of a civilized state. Clarence Darrow, who knows as much about criminals as any man, declares that there are two kinds of murder only: one committed in an attempt to escape from a lesser crime, one due to hate growing out of a love affair. These surely cover the majority of cases, and neither is the result of mature reflection, neither is performed with an image of the electric chair or the gallows in mind. The days when men were hanged for stealing more than a sixpence, when executions were public holidays, and when corpses were left to rot on the gallows as a "warning" to other possible criminals are long since past; it will surely be only a question of time until the last remnants of capital punishment will be equally obsolete.

ON MARCH 10 there was a hearing at Albany on Governor Smith's housing bill. No less than twenty civic bodies sent delegates to demand its passage. The Health Commissioner of New York City said that he represented not only Mayor Walker but the people of the municipality in a plea to the Legislature to save thousands of lives through better housing conditions. Alexander M. Bing, head of the City Housing Corporation, urged the passage of the bill. And there were advocates representing the United Neighborhood Houses, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Bronx Tenants' Association, the State Federation of Labor, the Bricklayers' Union, the Community Councils, the League of Mothers, the Women's City Club, and many others. But the outstanding feature of the hearing was the solid cash support of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The company made it known that it stood ready to advance, at 5 per cent interest, two-thirds of the amount necessary to put the project into active operation when the bill becomes law. There is an effort in the Legislature to kill the provision in the bill for a housing bank. This attempt must be defeated if the measure is to be of practical value to future housing.

STUDENTS of the University of Minnesota have formed a Free Speech Committee to demand the right of communist and fundamentalist speakers to appear on the campus. The committee was formed after university authorities, through Dean E. E. Nicholson and President L. D. Coffman, had during the same week excluded Scott Nearing and the noted fundamentalist, W. E. Riley, from campus meetings. A semblance of consistency was gained by excluding both a radical and a reactionary speaker at the same time, but in reality the ban works only against the radical. Mr. Riley may appear on the campus under the auspices of student clubs, while Mr. Nearing is refused the privilege of appearing on the campus under any auspices. This action comes with particularly bad grace from a university which employs on its faculty a bitter anti-soviet partisan, Professor Sorokin, who is much in demand locally as a speaker against communism. We hope that the university will be successful in the coming battle between the fundamentalists and the liberals, in which Riley and his cohorts will attempt to pass the Tennessee law through the Minnesota Legislature, but the university is at fault in the exclusion of Mr. Nearing. Social liberalism is quite as fundamental as scientific liberalism. The action of the administration at the University of Minnesota created such widespread resentment among students and professors that arrangements were promptly made for off-campus lectures to students by Mr. Nearing.

WHAT THE PITCHFORK and hoe are to men in public life, the broom and darning needle are to women. All candidates for office, it seems, whatever their natural pursuits or inclinations must give a sentimental, slush-loving public and press a picture of horny-handed labor or domestic devotion. Mrs. Bertha K. Landes, newly elected Mayor of Seattle, came as close as any woman politician we know of to escaping these symbols of true Americanism. The newspapers did their best; her long hair, her long skirts, her long career as wife and mother were solemnly and insistently described. She is not, we are assured, a "new woman." Perhaps not, but Mrs. Landes is new enough to have conducted a vigorous campaign on clear-cut public issues, new enough to have run for high office on her own merits rather than the merits of a husband or a father, new enough to have disclaimed any passion for staying at home to darn her husband's socks. She is actively concerned with economic and social questions: in 1921 she served on Seattle's Unemployment Commission; in 1922 she was elected to the City Council; and in 1925 she was reelected by the largest vote ever given a candidate for that office. For the last two years she has been president of the Council. In 1924, as Acting Mayor, she dismissed the Chief of Police, appointed another, and "closed the town."

REPORTS THAT SOME MANAGER or other is about to start a repertory theater circulate at least once or twice a year, but to date no so-called repertory theater has been able to survive the first play popular enough to sustain a long run. Now, however, the Neighborhood Playhouse and the Theater Guild have each formulated a plan for a new sort of repertory, and as both these organizations have a way of keeping their promises something may be expected to come of it. In neither case, though, does the plan call for that regular revival of standard plays which is generally assumed to be the essence of the repertory idea; the aim is merely to enable the organization to produce as many new plays as it desires without definitely discarding any which have proved popular. At the Neighborhood "The Dybbuk" finished its continuous run on March 11, when it was replaced by a bill of short dancing and singing divertisements intended to hold the stage until the 23d, after which there will be four performances each week, while "The Dybbuk" occupies the stage for the other four. The Theater Guild plan will not be put into operation until next year, but it is similar. Six plays are to be produced during the season and two are to be ready in October. They will alternate by weeks until a third is ready, at which time it will be added and the three continue until the end of fifteen weeks, when the second series of three will be ready. In previous years both the Guild and the Neighborhood have found their production plans interfered with by the presence of a success too valuable to be thrown away, but under the present plan such difficulties will be largely done away with.

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Prohibition and Politics

IN the three leading States of the Union, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York, prohibition has come to the front and will be a leading issue in next fall's elections for the Senate. Most sensational is the announcement of the Democratic boss of Illinois, George E. Brennan, that he will contest on a wet plank for the nomination and election as Senator. He has been one of those bosses who have been content to stay in the background and have declined to submit their personalities and their records to the approval or disapproval of their particular electorate. That in this "off" year he is willing to run in a heavily Republican State is a clear indication that he believes the wet issue to be a winning one in Illinois. There the Republicans are rent in twain; Senator McKinley is fighting for renomination in the face of bitter opposition by his fellow-Senators opposed to the World Court and by his rivals, Frank Smith and ex-Mayor Thompson of Chicago. The large foreign vote, which never approved of prohibition, will be certain to go to Brennan.

In Pennsylvania the situation is much the same. Representative Vare, the Republican boss of eastern Pennsylvania, has similarly thrown his hat into the ring as a wet. There will be a three-cornered fight in the Republican primaries: Vare as the wet; Senator Pepper, who seeks renomination on the ground of his general holiness and the approval of him by the Mellon machine which dominates the western section of the State; and Governor Gifford Pinchot carrying the banner of the drys. Behind the latter will be thrown the influence of the Anti-Saloon League and of all the other temperance forces, and there are those who believe that if the election is close the Governor will find himself chosen for the Senate. It cannot be denied that Representative Vare will make a strong run. Unfortunately the lines cannot be clearly drawn. It will not be possible to say, if Mr. Vare is elected, that his victory is due solely to his espousal of the wet cause. Were he to come out tomorrow for the abolition of grape juice and ginger ale, his well-oiled machine would none the less roll up a tremendous vote for him.

In New York the drys are out to defeat Senator Wadsworth, who, on other grounds, entirely merits retirement to private life. Whether the temperance forces will run a candidate of their own remains to be seen. Since it is impossible to conceive of any dry Democrat being nominated for the Senatorship in the State of "Al" Smith, there will perhaps be a pro-prohibition candidate as well as a Progressive and a Socialist. The Democrats will not be able to raise this issue with their opponents, for Senator Wadsworth, to his credit be it said, has not pussyfooted on this question. Precisely as he refused to trim when the woman's suffrage issue was raised, he has taken an unequivocal stand on prohibition. He is as wet as Senator Edwards of New Jersey, and he does not care who knows it.

All of this foreshadows a genuine fight on the merits of the question, and so does the fact that the prohibition issue comes up every week, if not every day, in both houses of Congress. It ought to have the result of smoking out Mr. Coolidge, as the drys attempted to do when their representatives called upon him on March 13. But the President is far too canny and irresolute to be drawn into any inter-State fight. It has been announced from the White House that he will not take a hand in local contests; not even as faithful a henchman as Senator McKinley is to receive his support. Senators are required to be loyal to him in Washington in order to retain their party standing, but if they are in hot water at home because of their support of the President they must find a way out of their own difficulties without calling upon him for aid.

As for the wet issue, the President has as yet shown no real evidence that he desires to take a constructive part in the debate. He has made no ringing utterance of late specifically stating that he proposes to enforce the Volstead law to the limit, and he has, above all, not committed himself to any of the proposals for ascertaining the will of the people. He has not, for instance, expressed himself on any of the proposals for a referendum such as that of Representative Celler of New York in a bill which has been referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Celler does not aim at repealing the prohibition amendment. He wishes to ascertain whether the voters want beer of not more than 2.75 per cent alcoholic content by weight and wine of not more than 6 per cent, these beverages not to be drunk upon the premises where they are sold. His bill calls for the creation of a bi-partisan board in each State to serve without pay and to cooperate in taking a referendum at the coming elections in November.

We ourselves have long been urging a referendum, but we have desired that it should be a nation-wide vote on whether there shall or shall not be prohibition. Sooner or later, we believe, the voice of the people must be heard. Representative Celler's service lies in showing that machinery can easily be set up to ascertain the people's will. It is assuredly a humiliating thing that whereas the republic of Switzerland has the machinery by which an issue like this may be submitted to the people, the American democracy is without it. We have repeatedly pointed out that if the result of the election should be to prove the people evenly divided on the issue, we shall not be a whit worse off than we are now; that if the result is a clear-cut verdict one way or the other, we can either move for the repeal of prohibition or can call upon our government officials to enforce it as they have never yet honestly and sincerely tried to do, save with a few exceptions. There are still far too many high officials in Washington, as well as members of Congress, who talk dry and act wet. If an overwhelming vote declared that the people stood behind a rigid enforcement of the law, there could not but be a change in the whole attitude of government officials toward the Volstead Law.

In this connection it is interesting to note that a move has been made in the Albany Legislature for the passage of a resolution submitting to the voters of New York State at the next election the question whether the Congress of the United States shall or shall not modify the Volstead Act so as to permit the manufacture, sale, and possession of light wines and beer. The press reports that it has the support of the Federal District Attorney in New York, Mr. Buckner, and that it would go through the Legislature without the slightest trouble if the bosses would permit.

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The Hobo of the Seas

RECENTLY there have been many tears shed in this country—some real, others sentimental—over the passing of the deep-water windjammer. The approaching disappearance of these noble, old vessels has been the occasion of a revival of interest in them and their long and splendid history. Not so many years hence we will be listening to the swan song of another class of ocean carrier—the tramp steamship. This hobo of the seas lacks the physical beauty of the sailing vessel. It is the slowest, ugliest, clumsiest, cheapest-to-build of steamships, but it stands for an epoch in ocean commerce, for a stage in world trade, which—when it is passed—will have an aura of romance all its own.

The difference between the tramp and the liner is the difference between quarter of a century ago and today. The liner, whether carrying passengers or only cargo, sails on a definite schedule over a fixed route; the tramp knocks about all over the world, taking freight wherever and whenever it is offered, and may be away from its home port for as long as the old-time sailing ship. The mission of the tramp has been one of transition from the sailing ship—which was essentially a hobo—to the liner. It has been a trade scout of our Industrial Age. To a large extent it has made the Industrial Age—with all its benefits and all its atrocities—possible. Without it the indefatigable search for markets of the first quarter of the twentieth century could hardly have taken place. The tramp has taken trial cargoes and occasional shipments to places not yet within the possibility of regular services. It has been the explorer of otherwise unvisited lands. It has had the advantage over the sailing vessel that it could penetrate inland far beyond the sea coast. It has poked its nose a thousand miles up the earthy waters of the Amazon, past virgin forests filled with screaming monkeys and chattering parrots; it has followed Chinese streams into the fertile interior; it has dropped anchor in scores of fever-stricken holes of Africa; it has churned its way through tortuous coral-bound channels into obscure harbors of the South Seas.

Yet always without praise. "The liner, she's a lady," wrote Kipling. Nobody has ever thought of the tramp steamship as anything but a runt. It has been described as built by the mile and sawed off in lengths to suit; it looks it. The hobo steamship has been reviled alike by its crews and by the poets. Comparing it with the sailing vessel, John Masefield writes:

> Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
> Dipping through the Tropics by the palmgreen shores,
> With a cargo of diamonds,
> Emeralds, amethysts,
> Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.
>
> Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
> Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
> With a cargo of Tyne coal,
> Road-rails, pig-lead,
> Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

No matter; the tramp steamship will have its vindication—when it is gone. And it is going fast. The phenomenal increase and better organization of international trade are now crowding the tramp out in favor of faster ships on regular sailings. Before the European War some 60 per cent of the world's tonnage was in tramp steamships. Recent estimates indicate that there is now less than 20 per cent in trans-oceanic trades, say H. C. Calvin and E. G. Stuart in their recently published volume, "The Merchant Shipping Industry" (John Wiley and Sons, New York, $4).

Thus the tramp steamship is passing into history—without mourners. But somewhere on the way to oblivion it will be rescued by the historians and emblazoned as one of the great forces of the Industrial Age—part of the stupendous, if sometimes misdirected, energy of the twentieth century.

A Dollar Down

IT was in 1905 that the go-getter first became the hero of magazine fiction. During the twenty years since that date he has been going stronger and stronger until he stands today the colossus of American civilization, the supreme arbiter of the destinies of the republic. Nay, he is even ready to challenge God himself. There is a story of a sales manager in a Texas district. Due to prolonged drought, the district was in economic collapse and not buying as it should. The manager looked at his wall graph and at his sales reports. His 100 per cent fist came down on his 100 per cent glass-topped desk. "Drought or no drought, west Texas has got to buy its quota! Sales resistance has stiffened, has it? Well, then *we'll smash it!*" And then there is the instance of a Texas mechanic, earning $6 a day when he worked. The go-getters had sold this man a second-hand automobile for which he had contracted to pay $30 a month; a set of plush and fumed-oak parlor furniture for an equal monthly sum; a piano, a gold watch, a baby carriage, and a diamond ring. The sum total of his monthly instalments came to more than his total monthly wages, provided he worked every day—which he didn't.

One may buy a motor car today for $12.60 down and $5 a week, a $200 talking machine for $5 down, a suit of clothes for $3 down and wear it away, jewelry for nothing down and a set of dishes thrown in. Three million automobiles, or 80 per cent of the year's output, were sold, in 1925, on deferred payments. The total credit extended has been estimated at $1,280,000,000. Adding the credit extended on the sales of used cars—an even more favorite instalment field—the grand total reaches a figure of about $2,500,000,000.

Add to this future commitments for radios and musical instruments, Grand Rapids furniture, snappy suits, tires, sets of books (in full morocco), furs, electric appliances, wrist watches, and personality-developed-by-correspondence courses, and the year's total in the opinion of Arthur Pound, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "must approach, and may exceed, $5,000,000,000," which is one-twelfth of the national income.

The go-getter has by this method "invaded future purchasing power to the extent of $5,000,000,000. Most of the notes which are part of this vast sum will be paid off within the coming twelve-month, but until they are canceled the debtors presumably will buy less for cash or on open account than they would buy if they were free of debt during the interim." If real wages continue to increase, perhaps we can stand the gaff, but if they do not, if we should

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lurch into one of our periodical depressions—well, it isn't pretty to contemplate that day of reckoning. But happily days of reckoning are not found on the go-getter's calendar.

Mr. Pound makes the further distinction that practically all of this huge credit inflation is in the field of luxury, or non-productive goods. Instalment contracts on productive goods—tools, machinery, dwelling houses, railway equipment, sewing machines—are an old and well-established form of purchase. By putting them immediately to use the buyer helps to pay forthcoming instalments. Inflation is at a minimum. Not so with radios, pleasure cars, and platinum bracelets, "which depreciate in use without producing value to offset that depreciation." All one gets is comfort, luxury, pride of possession, or a sense of social superiority—"such as comes to Mrs. Johnson when she spies Mrs. Richards looking enviously upon the delivery of the new Johnson piano."

Human nature being what it is, these are desirable things, and the quintessence of the go-getter's art is lavished upon making us desire them fortissimo. And as purchasing power is not expanding in any such ratio as intalment selling, the inevitable result is bound to be that if we are to keep up payments on the player piano we will have to cut down on milk and underclothing. Which means a loud outcry sooner or later from the manufacturers of necessities.

It would be unfair to come down on the go-getter too harshly, however. There is an Ethiopian deeper in the woodpile. The supersalesman is a product of the machine, like the wares which he sells. And mass fabrication, made possible by the machine, is "inordinately productive." The poor devil is driven to sell, even as we are driven to buy, lest the machine—and a very costly machine it is—eat its head off in depreciation, interest, and taxes. In the face of such pressure, the action of a sales manager defying a drought is understandable. Mass production to be efficient and show a profit demands a "balanced load." Idle plant capacity is the bugbear of industrialism. At all costs the wheels must be kept turning.

In circumstances such as these, production, technically speaking, is no longer a problem; the real problem is how to sell, how to keep the machine employed. Hence the pick of college men, the most astute of psychologists, the cream of the nation's brains (if not wisdom) uniting in ways and means for pulverizing sales resistance. Hence the instalment contract as a last desperate measure to outflank the relentless demands of the machine, taking in 1925, $5,000,000,000 from the purchasing power of 1926. Which, if no depression comes to capsize the apple-cart altogether, will be pyramided in 1926 as against 1927.

And the ghastly humor of it all is that there is no sane reason why people should not have these things—or most of them. They want them, they make them, and the machines are there to help supply them in unlimited quantities. The warnings and alarms are not physical facts but credit facts. We have elected to play a certain game with pieces of metal and pieces of paper and ink marks on ledgers. Granted the game—and it is rooted deep in the folkways—it is difficult to see any outcome for increased instalment selling save disaster. But some day we may grow tired of being bossed by the machine, change the rules of the game, and consume with a light heart that which we are abundantly able to produce—and no finance company in the background—while surviving go-getters will be in zoos.

Wanted: A Little Sympathy

WILLIAM R. WOOD, chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee, has let the cat out of the Tariff Commission bag. "We ought to have a commission," he says, "a fact-finding commission that is in sympathy with the Administration."

This is precisely what the critics of Mr. Coolidge have accused him of accomplishing. It was on this ground, they have charged, that he supplanted Commissioner Lewis and sent Commissioner Culbertson to Rumania, thus packing the commission with high-tariff advocates. To hear an official of the President's party admit the truth of the charge is exhilarating. Mr. Wood, a Representative from Indiana, was debating the $690,000 appropriation for the Tariff Commission which passed the House on March 2. Representative Jacobstein of New York detected in his admission a flaw of logic. "How can a fact-finding commission be in sympathy with anything?" he asked. "If it finds the facts, it ought to report them regardless of sympathy."

Mr. Wood countered with another question: Did the gentleman ever know of a fact which came from any body that was not clothed with the sympathy of the finder?

Mr. Jacobstein submitted that this did not answer his question. He put it in another form: "Did not the commission recommend a reduction in the tariff on sugar?"

"Yes."

"Then why did not the President follow the facts?"

"They were not followed because, thanks to the President, he was big enough, and had the interests of the people at heart enough, to guard against the greed of those who had tried to destroy them, and the President elected to guard the interests of the people against the majority of the commission and in favor of the minority."

The sugar report was returned before Mr. Coolidge made over the Tariff Commission, and is generally supposed to have been his reason for making it over. His "guarding" of the people costs them millions of dollars a year in the higher prices of sugar.

Mr. Coolidge, in his speech of acceptance, promised to apply the flexible provisions of the tariff act "judicially and not politically." Yet he has not always followed the findings of the commission, even when the members were unanimous. They were unanimous in favor of a reduction of the linseed-oil rate, but he has not acted, although their recommendation was made much more than a year ago. They split in twain on wheat, and Mr. Coolidge, perhaps mindful of the farmers, raised the rate. A majority favored increasing the rate on men's straw hats and so reported last summer, when the male electorate was wearing straw hats. For six months the President could not make up his mind whether the majority should rule. But in midwinter—early last month, to be exact—when straw hats were farthest from the heads of the voters, he announced the increase. It is estimated that wearers of straw hats will pay more than $13,500,000 additional this summer for their headgear, owing to this action.

The appropriation for the Tariff Commission slid through the House with no further mishap than Mr. Wood's revelation. It is likely to have rougher sledding in the Senate, where a committee to investigate the commission has been appointed.

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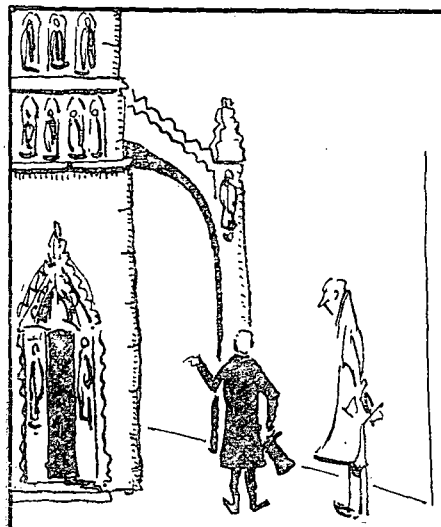
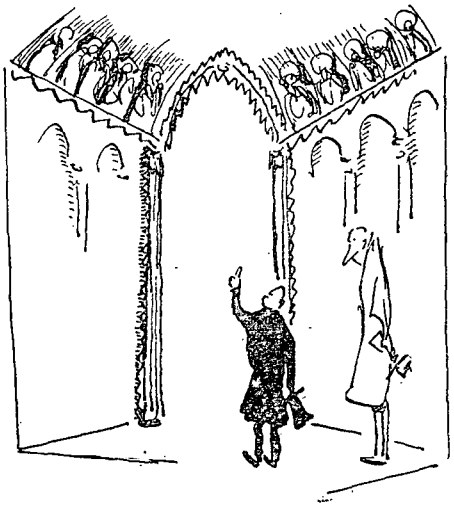
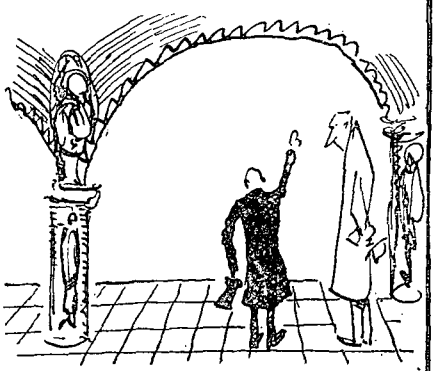


YES, SIR, WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD to show a newspaperman how we hope to build our Cathedral. That is the Fishmonger's Entrance—given by the fishdealers.

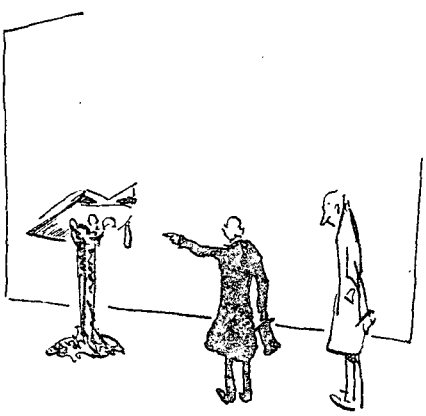


That is the ceiling given by the New York Chapter of American-born Duchesses.

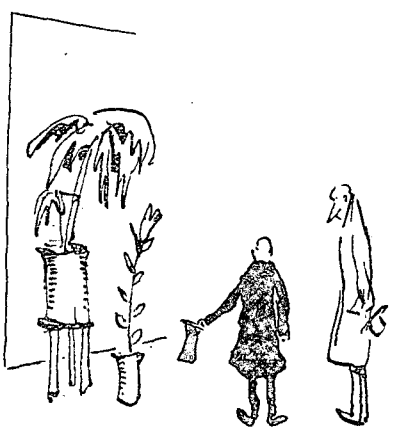


That is the crypt given by the Bankers' Sodality. A million-dollar contribution guarantees you a special niche.

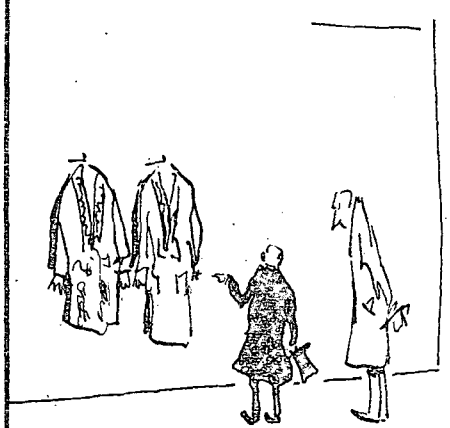
That is the sports window—the gift of the American broad-jumpers and weight-lifters. All of them world-champions.



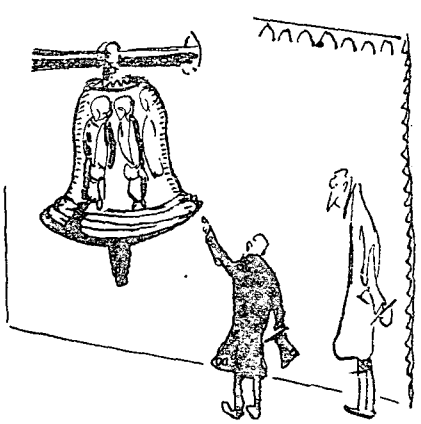
That is a special Bible presented to us by the Primate of Upsalahaven.



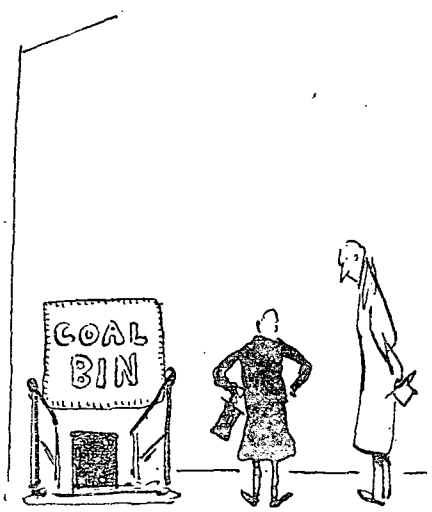
Those are the lilies-of-the-field sent us by the Florists' Union.



Those vestments were sent us by the Abuna of the United Coptic Churches. You see we have everything.



And here is the bell which the Archimandrit Basilikon of Kiev sent us.



What's that? The Spirit of the Manger? Well, we hadn't thought of it, but we'll find room for it somewhere.

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

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The Sacred Ointment

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

THE oil game is a pretty tough game. Drilling is expensive, dry holes are numerous, and when the oil is found it flows but a little while. Everyone knows what a hard time poor old Mr. Rockefeller has had to get along. Doheny could spare only $100,000 for his ancient bunkie, Al Fall. Harry Sinclair has only one Zev to his name. Certainly the oil business is remarkable for its dreadful hardships and its meager profits. But let the oil men take heart; let them face the future with reviving spirits and renewed hope. A generous Congress has recognized their extremity, and provision is made for them in the new tax bill.

That is the gist of the formal explanations now being made for one of the most astonishing subsidies ever granted by a prodigal government to a favored industry. The plain and unpalatable fact is that the bill exempts substantially half the net incomes of oil and mining companies from federal taxation. If that bald assertion seems incredible, the incredulous have only to consult the bill.

The history of the "depletion clause," as it is called, was unearthed by the Couzens Committee in its investigation of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. It begins with the enactment of the 1918 Revenue Act. The country was at war; oil was a prime military necessity; fresh sources of supply were imperative—thus ran the argument. Prospecting must be encouraged, and the most expedient method was through the granting of tax indulgences. Accordingly a clause was inserted in the act providing that when oil was discovered in hitherto unproved territory the Government, in taxing the income from the new wells, would grant a depletion allowance based on the value of the property after discovery. Depletion is to oil wells what depreciation is to other businesses.

Now, of course, it is customary to figure depreciation from the cost of the plant. But in this case depletion would be calculated not from the investment in the property but from its value after oil was found on it. The difference is obvious. The land or lease might cost $5,000, but the discovery of oil probably would multiply its value a hundred fold. Whether or not this was sound and logical, it was justified on the ground that the wildcatter might suffer heavy prospecting losses in years when he had no income to deduct his losses from; and it was justified by the argument of military necessity. So it became law.

Senator Jones (Democrat) of New Mexico, who wrote the provision, is authority for the statement that it was intended solely for the benefit of actual discoverers. That intent was carried out by the regulation first drafted by the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Less than a year later, however, a new regulation was quietly promulgated, extending the benefits to all owners and lessors who had acquired lands or leases in unproved territory prior to the first discovery. It was not necessary for them to have made the discovery—if they were on the ground before it was made they received the same depletion allowance as the man who actually did the prospecting and found the oil! The consequences of what Senator Couzens has called this "trick regulation" were amazing. Claims for depletion allowances flooded the Treasury. Within a few weeks after the new regulation went into effect some of the largest oil companies had caused their books to be rewritten to take advantage of it. The Couzens Committee's investigation showed that of 13,600 claims for "discovery depletion" allowances, only thirty-five were based on actual discoveries. A typical case in point was that of the Gypsy Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Gulf Refining Company, in which Secretary Mellon owns the controlling interest.

For $2,500 the Gypsy had acquired a lease in unproved territory at Shumway, Oklahoma. It made no discovery. Eventually, however, the owner of the adjoining lease struck oil, near the boundary of the Gypsy lease. That enterprising company at once drilled an offset well and quite naturally found oil, and plenty of it. Upon the strength of that fact the Gypsy claimed a "discovery depletion" allowance, and received it on a basic valuation of $8,600,000. This, on a property which had cost $2,500, and on which the original discovery had not been made!

The record is redolent of such examples. One company with a capital investment of $525,000 was allowed discovery depletion on a valuation of $30,000,000. Another with an investment of $250,000 received a depletion allowance on a valuation of $38,000,000. In fact, some companies received allowances which exceeded their total net income from the properties, and in those cases were permitted to apply enough of it to exempt the income from all taxation, and to carry the surplus over against income from other properties, which sometimes were in a different State! This sounds fantastic, but the ways of the Bureau of Internal Revenue are inscrutable. Now that the provision for publicity is repealed, they will be invisible as well.

The original purpose in allowing "discovery depletion," let us not forget, was to encourage pioneering. The original justification was the uncertainty that the wildcatter would have any income from which to deduct his losses in lean years.

What happened? We find that grizzled old prospector Andrew Mellon, in the corporate guise of the Gulf Refining Company, receiving allowances which, according to Senator Couzens, relieved that company of $3,800,000 taxes for 1918 and 1919. The gracious indulgence extended even to such gaunt and friendless sandhogs as the Standard of Indiana, the Pan-American, and the Royal Dutch Shell. One is moved to reflect upon the cheer which must have suffused their lonely hearts when, in the solitude of the desert night, they were reminded that a benevolent government had not forgotten them.

Congress in 1921 took notice of some of the preposterous consequences of the law, and so amended it that no depletion allowances should exceed 100 per cent of the net income. It was unwilling that any oil or mining company's taxes should be reduced to less than nothing. Nothing, it felt, was little enough. In 1924 it became even more austere, and amended the law to provide that no allowance should exceed 50 per cent of the net income.

When the present Congress convened word apparently reached the chambers of the House Ways and Means Com-

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mittee and the Senate Finance Committee that the war was over, and that in the year 1926 it was no longer necessary to stimulate prospecting as a military necessity. Hence they were impelled to settle upon a permanent policy of depletion allowances in peace time. After a great deal of profound thought the House *adopted a provision which fixed the depletion allowance at 25 per cent of the gross income for the taxable year, and not to exceed 50 per cent of the net income.*

When the bill reached the Senate Finance Committee a startling discovery was made there. The indignant language of the committee's report supplies the best possible description of that discovery and of the committee's horror over it. It says:

> Under existing law discovery depletion is allowed to one who brings in a well upon property proved at the time the well is brought in, provided it was not proved when the purchase was made. Obviously, the benefits of discovery depletion, the purpose of which was to encourage the wildcatter or pioneer, should be limited to those who make the actual discovery.

At last the committee had found out. It had found out what every oil and mining company had known since 1919. It had discovered what every clerk in the Bureau of Internal Revenue had known for seven years. And the remarkable thing about the discovery was that Senator Smoot, who is chairman of the committee, was a member of the Finance Committee which wrote the bill and was chairman of the committee which rewrote it in 1921 and again in 1924. Yet we must assume that he was unaware of it, else why should he wait until 1926 to demand that it be corrected to meet the original intention?

It was reported that Standard Oil and some of the other large companies were satisfied with the depletion allowance of one-fourth of the annual gross income. One is persuaded that the report was correct. One is persuaded that if they had been dissatisfied it would have been changed. The composition of the Finance Committee induces that belief. But there were other oil and mining interests that wanted more. The new Senator from West Virginia, Mr. Goff—who will be remembered as one of Attorney General Daugherty's special prosecutors in the war frauds cases (although it will be difficult to recall whom he prosecuted)—offered an amendment increasing the allowance to 35 per cent of gross income. Even Smoot and Reed of Pennsylvania gagged at this, but it failed of passage by only two votes!

Senators Couzens and King were aghast at the audacity of the proposal. They raged and stormed at it. They denounced the hypocrisy and fallacy of basing depletion on anything except the actual investment. They declared, moreover, that if an allowance were granted the figure of 25 per cent was far too high:

> To say that it is necessary to grant this subsidy in order to induce men to engage in the oil business is preposterous [King said]. If any discrimination should be made in taxing income from natural resources it should be made against those who exploit them—not in their favor. Other men create the wealth on which they pay taxes; these men merely take from the ground what God Almighty placed there.

The effect which this argument had on the Senate may be judged by the fact that on the very next vote it adopted an amendment submitted by Senator Neely of West Virginia, *increasing the allowance to 30 per cent of the gross income.* The vote was 32 to 27. It was another of those mysterious manifestations of an unseen influence which shows its power whenever any legislation deeply affecting oil is before Congress. It has happened before, and it is always uncanny. There is a potency in the sacred ointment which has never been satisfactorily explained. Some of the votes cast for this measure are inexplicable. There is magic in the name of oil.

The practical consequences of the action, in which the House has now concurred, were briefly and harshly foretold by Senator Couzens. Approximately $300,000,000 of income is exempted from taxation, and the amount of taxes saved to the oil and mining companies is between $43,000,000 and $50,000,000 a year.

"In other words," he said, "having already given them half the earth, we have now decided they shall pay taxes on only a fourth of it."

Royal Claims in Germany

By JAMES FUCHS

AT the time of this writing the curtain is slowly rising on the concluding act of a tragedy of German domestic reparations to be loaded presently upon the overburdened shoulders of the German worker by his former sovereigns. During the first act, covering the five years after the armistice, the concessions—to call them by no worse name—of the Social-Democratic Deputies in the national parliament and the provincial diets encouraged the deposed princes to press their claims for indemnities and restitutions, in ready cash, in pensions, in thousands of acres of field and forest, in palaces, art galleries, country seats, and immensely valuable libraries. Every concession was made a pretext for new demands. In the second act, the Social-Democratic masses rose in revolt against their leaders, compelling them to reverse their position as advocates of dynastic-property claims and forcing them into an anti-dynastic bloc with the German Communists. The concluding act now under way—a popular referendum on the claims of the former sovereigns—is not likely to bring much comfort to a proletarian revolt against them.

It will be remembered that Germany in the days before November, 1918, consisted of four kingdoms—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg; three free towns of the empire, and nineteen duchies and principalities. Most of these sovereignties ranked in size below the State of New Jersey, and quite a number were smaller than Delaware or Rhode Island. In November, 1918, twenty-three chiefs of German reigning dynasties, together with their houses, voted, in the sardonic phrasing of a contemporary historian, "a revolution with their legs." A more peaceful, more respectful revolution could not be imagined. All of the departing princes had bank accounts in foreign parts. Not one of them was threatened in life or limb or forcibly detained or prevented by revolutionary coercion from making off with all portable property. The people, bowed down under the weight of a common disaster, were in no mood

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to quarrel with their erstwhile princes, stipulating only—in keeping with implied Allied dictates—that they have the goodness to take themselves off, removing thereby an obstacle to peace. No special rancor followed them into exile. The proximate cause of their departure was a rising of their subjects, but the real cause, as everyone darkly felt, was foreign dictation. At least one-half of Germany felt that the republic was an artificial device thrust ad interim upon the nation by the victors, purely as a proscenium upon which to stage their Hang-the-Kaiser election farce. The parliamentary chiefs of the largest political party in the Reich repeatedly and distinctly disavowed responsibility for the creation of the republic. "The Social Democracy," declared Scheidemann in June, 1922, "has never carried on a distinctly anti-monarchist propaganda." Six months later, at the trial of his would-be assassins, he solemnly proclaimed that he had urged the abdication of Wilhelm II "for no other purpose than to save the monarchy." In the same month of December, 1922, August Müller, a Social-Democratic ex-Secretary of State, made public declaration to the effect "that none of the Social-Democratic Party chiefs had desired the republic, or planned the dethronement of the Hohenzollern in October 1918."

These disavowals of responsibility for the revolution on the part of the Social-Democratic politicians were strictly in keeping with the facts. Nevertheless, they had to assume responsibility for the republic as an accomplished fact, and to defend it now and then against monarchist aggression by invoking the aid of the sincerely republican rank and file of organized labor, for they knew that, in spite of all their loyal and submissive declarations, a monarchist restoration would never pardon their alleged "Treason of the Ninth of November." Still, by way of reinsurance in case of any accident to the republic, the Social-Democratic politicians, by their treatment of the exiled sovereigns and their houses, could do much to mitigate a future sentence threatening their heads.

The Berlin statistician Neubauer published, in February of this year, a succinct record of the meritorious activities of Social-Democratic politicians in the service of the dethroned dynasties. The leading facts follow:

When in 1918 the Workers' and Soldiers' Council of Lippe-Detmold wished to appropriate the domain of the deposed prince, the people's Deputy, Ebert, wrote him, under instructions from the national Government on December 5, 1918: "The question whether the domain of the former Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe in Lippe-Detmold is the private property of his family . . . is a legal issue, to be decided by the competent courts of law." When the People's Council of the petty Thuringian state Reuss discussed the nationalization without compensation of its former prince's domain, Dr. David, then Social-Democratic Minister of the Interior, wrote on July 28, 1919, under instructions from the Government: "The national Government is not in a position to act on this suggestion, as it cannot propose a law to the National Assembly the purport of which is not in harmony with the fundamental ideas of the future constitution of the German state." The party chiefs maintained the same viewpoint against the Diet of Gotha, which consisted mainly of Independent Socialists. The Diet had voted a law expropriating the duke, an English prince, without compensation. The national Government, under the Social-Democratic Chancellor Bauer, sent a national executive body to Gotha, deposed the provisional government of Independent Socialists, and dispersed the Diet. Regarding a future arrangement with the Hohenzollerns, the Social-Democratic Minister of Justice for Prussia, Wolfgang Heine, made a public pronouncement on January 22, 1919: "The principle of the inviolability of private property, as announced by the Prussian Government, must not be infringed in the impending arrangements."

As may readily be seen from the foregoing, no German political party, with the exception of a hopelessly outvoted Communist minority, had any plan of dealing severely with royalty in exile. It was agreed on all hands that the German dynasts should have an income amply sufficient for a life of comfortable civic retirement. The leading Social Democrats never ceased to invoke, on behalf of the exiled princes, the constitutional principle of inviolable private property —rather irrelevantly, seeing that the principle has never been interpreted in modern history as covering the landed estates of deposed dynasties. No one of consequence, however, cared to dispute this strange application of a constitutional principle—until the absurd pretenses and claims of the former reigning houses became known. Then the current of public opinion took a violent turn against the grasping princes—forcing the Social-Democratic Deputies to enter into an alliance with the Communists, in opposition to this monstrous burden. A few facts regarding the royal claims will explain the situation.

The total landed estate claimed by the former reigning houses of Germany amounts to 500,000 hectares, equivalent in extent to the entire soil of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, or twice the area of Brunswick—domains worth, at the lowest computation, a billion gold marks. The claims furthermore include more than one hundred palaces and castles worth at least 500 millions; another 500 millions in art treasures and wrought gold and silver; a long list of annual incomes, pensions, indemnities—altogether, a real and mobile estate of at least 2,600 million gold marks, or more than three times the amount of the Dawes loan. The Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe claims about one-seventh, the Prince of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen one-fourth of the entire soil under their former rule as private property. More than one-fourth of their former principalities are claimed by the ex-ruler of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt and the ex-Duke of Coburg-Gotha. The Dowager Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar obtained a valorization of her annual income up to 1,400 per cent; her fellow-sovereigns are now following suit in submitting like demands regarding their annual grants and pensions. The Hohenzollerns will not rest content with the eight palaces, eighty-three houses and country seats, the domains and forests of Schwedt, Oels, Cadinen, Rominten, Unweiler, and about a score of others, conceded to them in 1920; nor with 175 million gold marks in stocks and bonds, in addition to their landed estate. They claim, over and above these, several dozen pensions for members of the family, three additional palaces in Berlin, the palace and park at Homburg, and a long list of minor exactions. When these claims of the dynasts became known, the Social-Democratic electorate, for the first time since 1914, turned like one man against the princes.

The claimants have lost four million of heretofore obedient Social-Democratic votes, but they have by no means lost their case, nor are they at all likely to fail in their main demands. The Luther administration had the unparalleled effrontery to attach to its announcement of a forthcoming registration in the matter of the proposed referendum a

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declaration of dissent from the project. There may be no referendum at all. If there is, the labor bloc will at most command ten million votes, as against a possible fifteen or sixteen million opponents. It is highly probable that the abdicated royalty will be taken care of to a surprising extent, after a few of the most glaringly grotesque claims are whittled away.

Europe's Dictators Fight the Masons

By EMERY DÉRI

DICTATORSHIPS in Europe are not only established: they are becoming standardized, as perfectly as the manufacture of cheap automobiles in America. Their slogans, their methods of suppression, the systems they have worked out are so strikingly the same that one is tempted to suspect that in some hidden place in Italy or in Spain is a School of Dictatorship where aspiring tyrants study the standardized rules of oppression. Even the atrocities are committed according to similar rules of procedure. The murder of Matteotti was committed for the same reasons and by the same methods as the murder of the Hungarian Socialist Deputy Béla Somogyi. At the very time that the Fascio in Florence were staging a St. Bartholomew's night, prominent writers, scientists, and politicians in Austria published a protest to the nations of the world against the wholesale political murders in Bulgaria, where the Tsañkoff Government executed 300 political prisoners. Signor Mussolini's Parliament has passed a special law against those who dare to attack the Fascist Government abroad. Not long ago General Primo de Rivera court-martialed Blasco Ibáñez, who published unpleasant facts about the general's political methods, and stated that every Spanish subject who criticizes the Directory abroad would be court-martialed in effigy. Admiral Horthy's Government passed a similar law a few months ago providing that if a Hungarian writer should publish unfavorable criticism of the Hungarian Government in a foreign newspaper he would be guilty of high treason.

But the outstanding feature of the standardization of European dictatorships is the crusade against Free Masonry. It seems to be an inevitable feature of every reactionary system that the Masonic lodges are closed, the activity of the Free Masons suspended, and members of Free Masonic organizations vigorously persecuted. In every European country where dictators have succeeded in establishing a regime of oppression and terror, Free Masonry has been choked to death. In Hungary the Masonic lodges were closed by order of the Government and the temple of the Free Masons in Budapest robbed by a band of Awakening Magyars, headed by the priest Stephen Zadravecz, who a few weeks later was appointed a bishop. Though Free Masonry is negligible in Bulgaria, one of the first governmental acts of Tsankoff was an order to close the lodges and suspend the activity of "secret societies." When Mussolini came to power he immediately announced his determination to break the hold of the Free Masons. Free Masonry, however, was too powerful and influential in Italy to be dissolved without any plausible reason. So Mussolini waited until his Fascist police had invented the charge that Zambelli had plotted an attempt on the Dictator's life with the help of the Free Masons; now the activity of the lodges is paralyzed in Italy also. In Spain, where lodges were never permitted to exist freely, the Directorate is today persecuting those few who are suspected of practicing the "ancient and royal art of Free Masonry."

Free Masonry in Europe is different from Free Masonry in America. While in America the organization is little more than a mutual-benefit institution, in which politics are strictly excluded, the ancient traditions of European Masonry demand that members of the fraternity should be concerned with public questions as well. The lodges carry on charitable work on the same generous scale as those in America. But Masonry in Europe holds that the evolution of mankind cannot be promoted by good works alone. Europe's Free Masons are men of public spirit with a belief in freedom. They have always fought oppression and injustice in every form. The conviction that Free Masonry is not only a charitable enterprise but also a philosophy brought politics into the European lodges at an early period. The French encyclopedists, spiritual forerunners of the French Revolution, were Masons, and the social theories of Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert were discussed in the French lodges. It is now known that the Turkish Revolution, engineered by the "Young Turks," was started by political and philosophical discussions in the Masonic lodges in Saloniki and Constantinople. The political battle which dominated French politics for a decade, the separation of church and state, was fought out by men who were active Free Masons. Long before the war, when Hungary was governed by the families of the old oligarchy, all serious social problems were discussed in the Hungarian lodges. The representative men of Italian liberalism came from the ranks of Free Masonry.

It is easy to understand why the European champions of oppression sensed political enemies in the Free Masons. Free Masons were playing politics, the reactionaries argued, and it was intolerable that politics should be played in secret societies. The Free Masons, on the other hand, upheld their right to fight for justice and the welfare of mankind. Was it politics, they asked, when the Italian Masons demanded that innocent men should not be murdered because of their political opinions? Was it politics when certain Hungarian lodges discussed the question whether a man who is good enough to die for the fatherland should not be considered good enough to go to the polls and express his opinion? Was it politics when the Young Turks discussed in the lodges how they could help the masses who were starving to death, oppressed by a privileged class who did not care whether the man on the street had his daily bread or not?

The European dictatorships charge the Masons with being internationalists. It is strange that this charge should be made by those politicians who have perfected a system of standardized international oppression, who are preaching the international brotherhood of dictatorship, and who have all made a secret agreement to shelter the fugitive murderers of their neighbors. The assassins of Matthias Erzberger have found an asylum in Admiral Horthy's Hungary, the perpetrator of a bomb attempt in Hungary was placed under the protection of the Milan Fascio, and the country which Signor Mussolini is said to have chosen as his future home in case of a successful counter-revolution is Primo de Rivera's Spain.

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Germany and Austria Today

By GERHARD LUETKENS

THE general outlook in the two Middle European countries is better than appears from the outside. There is, of course, no prosperity yet in any field, either economic or social; the masses are struggling under heavy burdens. Nevertheless, during the last few years Germany has succeeded in laying the foundations of a more stable economic life. Its most important basis, the stabilization of the mark, has proved firm and to be depended upon. In the field of international financial obligations, the Dawes plan affords the security necessary for intelligent planning, though it will still involve problems for the economic future of the world. Finally, we may consider the years 1924-1925 as the starting point of an eventual economic and political pacification of the leading European countries—a pacification which has expressed itself so far in the Locarno treaties. As for Austria, the same result has been achieved by the activities of the League of Nations.

Having entered the period of financial stabilization, Germany finds herself at the height of an economic crisis, resulting from the abnormal conditions of the last twelve years. During the hubbub of the inflation period, when everybody went mad in the effort to get rid of paper money and acquire real values instead, a great many industrial establishments were enlarged or kept working which afterward were really worth nothing at all. Now, the clouds having disappeared, German industry finds itself standing on a heap of economically worthless plants and establishments. A complete and often painful reorganization must take place.

Certain salient features of the present economic situation in Middle Europe stand out: First, the home market has shrunk. The purchasing power of the impoverished population has diminished enormously; the years of the inflation deprived large numbers of the population of all their savings, afflicting especially the so-called middle class. Furthermore, the reduction of territory through the cession of vast areas forced upon Germany and Austria by the Peace Treaties resulted in serious economic difficulties. In this respect the case of Austria is, of course, much worse than that of Germany.

Second, there is a lack of modern technical and administrative methods in German industry. The Dawes report was wrong in supposing that German industrialists had managed to keep their enterprises up-to-date. Almost all industries are in need of thorough reorganization. It has proved necessary to close a great many plants because their various industrial branches were overstocked. Moreover, modern technical development, especially the growing use of oil, electricity, brown-coal, and the automobile, has shifted industrial production into entirely new fields. All such equipment and reorganized methods, necessary to meet the exigencies of the modern economic development, are, of course, very costly. A similar situation is to be found in the agrarian field; here the crisis is aggravated by the existence of an agricultural crisis all over the world. German and Austrian agriculture must adapt themselves to new ways of production and new market conditions.

Third, Germany no longer has a capital surplus as she had before the war. Since the capital necessary for the development of her industries is enormous, there can be no doubt that the influx of foreign capital must continue for many years to come. Saving activities at home, already beginning on small scale, will not be extensive enough to cover the amount necessary. There will also be the necessity of investing capital in the interest of Germany's transportation system which is not able to meet modern demands. The automobilization of the country is not less inevitable than the building of great water-ways already begun. Capital investment will also be needed for more social purposes, especially to meet the tremendous shortage of housing in Middle Europe.

Fourth, as the only answer to this necessary importation of capital, Middle Europe will have to increase the exportation of manufactured articles or to lower the importation of foreign goods. The demands of the Dawes plan make this even more essential.

To sum up: The home market as well as Germany's buying capacity are much reduced. The necessary methods of cheaper production are not yet built up. On the other hand, in order to fulfil international obligations and to help their unemployed masses, Germany and Austria are forced to increase their exports, while simultaneously there is need for importing foreign capital.

Fortunately, there are already indications that this crisis will lead to a more healthy state of affairs. The influx of foreign capital has been large, coming mostly from the United States. However, it is important to realize that the amount of this capital is relatively small compared with Germany's productive power. According to recent estimates, Germany has an annual national income of something like sixty billion marks, while the amount lent to her up to the end of 1925 is estimated at about three and one-half billions.

The reorganization of industry at large is on the way and has, to a certain extent, been accomplished in Germany as well as Austria. Nearly all the concerns and establishments built up during the inflation period have broken down (Stinnes, the Rheinhandels group, Castiglioni). On the other hand, an ever-growing number of industrial amalgamations, both national and international, have come into being during the last year. Concentration often results in the closing of the less productive works in order to raise the economic efficiency of the whole industry concerned. This evolution tends to substitute the horizontal form of combination for the so-called "vertical trust" of Stinnes fame, which grew out of conditions of inflation. Very often, the new combinations have been made possible only by foreign loans.

Among the most important of these industrial amalgamations is the fusion of the large chemical industry of Germany and the Westphalian Montantrust. A great many international combinations and agreements, in which Germany has taken part, are intended to regulate and unify the European or even the world market. There are agreements between the Westinghouse Company and the Siemens-Schuckert concern; Dynamite A. G., Köln-Rottweil

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A. G. with the Nobel Trust Company of London and the American DuPont powder company; Motorenwerke Mannheim and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and many others. Prior even to the government pacts of Locarno, French, Luxemburg, and German basic industries began to discuss a convention not yet concluded to deal with the industrial situation on both sides of the Rhine.

The crisis having begun, credit became a question of life and death. Therefore the banking institutions, at least in their capacity of intermediaries between foreign capital and home industry, got ahead of the industrial forces. This development implies industrial progress, since financial interests, unaffected by any sentimental regard for the weak and unfit, always side with the most efficient establishments. At the head of the banking system the Reichsbank has regained its power as manager of not only the currency but of the whole credit and money system, as well. Thus, it has succeeded in setting up a sort of economic dictatorship which is likely in some degree to outlast the present crisis.

In spite of the present industrial slump, the Reich and all the public communities have managed to keep their budgets balanced. The German Government has even been able to reduce the tax burden for the coming year. Political as well as financial stabilization has enabled the authorities to counteract somewhat the slackening industrial life by providing, for example, export credits and emergency work for the unemployed. In this connection there is worth mentioning one of the most interesting features of today's economic life in Middle Europe. Corporations owned either fully or partly by state or local government have gained strength and influence both in banking and industry. They may be able to help in reorganizing business conditions and in protecting, at least to a certain degree, the lower levels of the population.

However hopefully one may regard the final outcome of the crisis Middle Europe is going through, the situation at the moment is quite desperate for those directly afflicted. Besides the impoverished classes, labor, skilled and unskilled, is especially hard hit. In Germany at least two millions are at the present time out of work and obliged to live on insufficient benefits. It is not yet possible to answer the question whether the Dawes plan will, as Mr. Keynes believes, doom labor to bear the brunt of the economic pressure or whether thorough industrial reorganization will suffice to hold prices down and thus make exports possible. But this latter possibility can only take place if economic developments follow the course indicated above.

At any rate, the problem of reparation payments remains to be solved. There is no doubt that the German Government will be able to collect the annuities. But no experience is at hand to indicate the effect of these payments pouring out into the world market. At least one may say that the mechanism of transfer will block any possibility of a blow from the outside to upset the recovering economic life of Middle Europe. Austria's outlook, unhappily, is not as bright. Her state territory is so small, her agricultural basis so limited that in the long run it seems hard to imagine how she will be able to support a population of six and one-half millions at a decent standard of living. There are, however, signs that even Austria is on the way toward overcoming the crisis of stabilization.

The more industrial understandings are developed between national industries across the borders, the larger the market will become and the sooner the whole world will achieve its former prosperity; for in modern times there can be no lasting prosperity for one country unless there is economic health for all.

In the Driftway

ONE of the Drifter's young but learned friends is in the throes of an old and bitter struggle, one which every man must make at some period in his life. His manhood is crying loudly for a beard. Now, the Drifter feels genuine sympathy for his friend, for he can remember his own youthful suffering over this same question. He recalls how, after several mornings of hesitation, he resolutely went forth one day unshaven—and another day—and another. For ten days he held out; but when one of his most admired feminine friends—it was in the Drifter's susceptible days—said earnestly that she liked beards, she really did like them, but she honestly thought they were not becoming to his peculiar style of beauty, the Drifter slunk homeward, not yet beaten but much weakened. It was hard to give up his dream, especially after he had already won through the first terrible days of having his far from distinguished but hitherto inoffensive face look like a burnt-off timber tract. Finally, after unhappy hours before a mirror, he called it a no-decision bout—and kept a mustache, along with a certain bitterness which yet remains.

* * * * *

AND the Drifter's father before him fought the old fight, and won—only to lose in the end. He remembers well the day when he, the Drifter, at the age of seven, started up the path at evening to meet his adored father, and ran wildly back to his mother's arms, sobbing with fright at the man with the clean face who looked vaguely like father but surely couldn't be he. There are many obstacles to be got over before youth attains to manliness—the derby hat, spats, a cane, black cigars. But none of these is so painful as this matter of a beard. The Drifter, never having faced the issue squarely, as he has just confessed, is still upset by the question. He eyes every full-bearded chin with an envy unbecoming to one of his years, He is not at all sure he will not follow his young friend into the assumption of this dignity. For the young man, scholar that he is, has gone neither to his friends nor to his wife, but to the ancients, for authority on the saneness of his desire. He quotes first Tertullian, who asks: "Will God be pleased with him who applies the razor to himself, and completely changes his features; who, with no respect for his face . . . makes it as like as possible to Saturn and Isis and Bacchus?" And he follows this up with an even more conclusive statement by Clement of Alexandria: "The hair is to be cut short, but the beard allowed to grow. It may be trimmed in places, notably the mustache, but not to the skin, and the hair on the chin must be allowed to grow full length. The mustache, which is dirtied in eating, is to be cut round, not by the razor, for that were ungenteel, but by a pair of cropping scissors. But the hair on the chin is not to be disturbed, as it gives no trouble, and lends to the face dignity and paternal terror." On such unanswerable authority, even though the Drifter has no occasion to employ "paternal terror," he is inclined to pay his face a long withheld respect, and, incidentally, acquire the dignity he has always longed for.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The Nation's Prize Poem

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading for about the twentieth time Babette Deutsch's prize-winning poem I have to shout to somebody who will listen. It seemed to me the finest thing I have ever seen *The Nation* print. I got so excited about it that I immediately called up anybody who would listen to me.

Just why I should pick on you I don't know, but after disagreeing frequently with *The Nation's* selections I think it might interest you to know that even a newspaper roughneck can "dance in the street," if properly inspired.

Cleveland, Ohio, February 9 GENE COHN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read Babette Deutsch's poem in *The Nation* at the public library, and ask you to drop my name from your free list, as you kindly notified me you had placed it there.

The poem has profoundly shocked me. I do not wish to be driven to suicide by such sentiments. This poem in my opinion nullifies all the good you do.

New York, February 8 MARGARET R. BRADSHAW

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is edifying to read in your columns that "The pleasure of reading a very good poem is equaled only by that of reading a very bad one." It is particularly edifying after the unparalleled opportunities your two last poetry contests have given the public of reading very bad poems. No doubt, in your confessed love for bad poems, you have absent-mindedly forgotten the existence of poems of the other type. Or is it that the 3,000 poems contributed for your recent contest were all as deplorably poor as the prize winner? Even in this day of poor verse, it is impossible to believe that three thousand effusions so hopelessly strained and artificial have been written. I would not suggest, of course, that *The Nation* is going so far as to follow in literature the policy against which it fulminates, the "yellow press" policy of appealing to a taste for the glaring and the meretricious. Far rather would I believe that *The Nation* prize poems have a sort of fourth-dimensional merit, a shining transcendent beauty visible to the editorial eyes but cruelly concealed from the gaze of mere poetry lovers.

New York, February 8 STANTON A. COBLENTZ

(*By Telegraph*)

EXCITED CONGRATULATIONS YOUR DISCRIMINATING JUDGMENT PRIZE POEM WE LOVE IT.

SARA BARD FIELD
CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

San Francisco, February 11

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not writing this letter now because of the poem which won the prize this year, since it was quite in keeping with the preferences shown by your judges in other years, and neither particularly better nor worse than what you commonly give us under the name of poetry. Your judges may be right, and our understanding and preferences with respect to such literary expression may be wrong. I am sufficiently familiar with literary criticism to be well aware of much that can be said from the technical viewpoint both for and against the verse forms and the methods of rhythmic expression in general to which you run.

But *The Nation* is not primarily a literary journal, though it has much of admirable and desirable literary character. It is first of all, and most of all to the great majority of those of us who appreciate it in high degree, a great liberal journal, and it seems to many of us hardly less than a public calamity that it does not have a vastly wider reading and general appreciation. As it is, *The Nation* has a standing and influence far beyond its circulation, and so emphatically is its power manifest that even its enemies compliment it with a measure of attention the number of its subscribers could hardly claim.

The body of *The Nation's* articles command the respectful attention of multitudes who do not altogether agree with them, besides eliciting the warm appreciation of many who, like myself, hold much more radical views. But *The Nation's* poetry, outside of certain small circles of highbrow literati, or would-be modernists in literature, evokes only amusement or contempt. Whereas *The Nation* is often quoted as to its informatory articles and paragraphic comments on world affairs, I do not recall a single instance of ever seeing in a labor paper, or any other organ of general circulation, a single line of *The Nation's* verse. I have myself made passing public reference by way of test of the popular reaction to your verse, with some care not to betray my own feeling too openly, only to be met by guffaws of laughter obviously heavily charged with derision and contempt, and that from an audience which buys *The Nation* in its halls and meetings and is emphatically appreciative of *The Nation* otherwise. Also I have taken a sonnet, from an ordinary issue of *The Nation*, and have passed it around to people who came into our office, choosing individuals of more than ordinary liberalism and intelligence, only to find that not one of them could make head or tail of it, or elicit any intelligent idea from it. Your verse is so much waste of paper to a vast body of your readers, and to many of them it is a tragic waste of a great opportunity.

It is not that we are asking you to give us "Ella Wheeler Wilcox chocolate eclairs," to use the expression of a leading minister on this coast, whose expression in my opinion failed to do justice to Mrs. Wilcox's verse. Nor are we asking *The Nation* to deal out to us Edgar A. Guest or Walt Mason verse, though these also are immeasurably to be preferred in my opinion to the "talking in unknown tongues" of which *The Nation* is, poetically considered, so fond. What we do ask is that *The Nation* shall function for us in the realm of verse with some of the common sense and virile intellectualism which it shows in its work as a whole, and shall cease to fall for the literary faddisms of certain esoteric coteries in New York City, Boston, and Chicago.

Los Angeles, February 12 ROBERT WHITAKER

Wanted: Barroom Ballads

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The cohorts of prohibition have many sins to carry upon their shoulders. Not only have they ruined the quality of our available liquor, but from a literary point of view they have closed up an institution that was one of the few fertile sources of our indigenous American folk songs. Outside of certain cowboy ballads and the mythical exploits of the lumbermen's hero, John Bunyan—both products of frontier conditions—the only place where the white American male gave vent to his pent-up emotions was in the old-time barroom.

The old sagas born of good liquor and the need to express everything that was suppressed at all other times and places are rapidly being forgotten. This applies not only to the legends of the barroom, but is also particularly true of the songs and verse by the expeditionary forces in France.

Occasionally such an adage as "the need produces the man" becomes true. In this instance two perspicacious young gentlemen from the provinces have leaped into the breach. They are gathering together for limited and careful distribution among the "illuminati" all the old-time barroom and army favorites without any Comstockian omissions.

We have to date gleaned the following gems, with many more in the offing: "Franky and Johnny," "Lydia Pinkham," "Rollicking John Came Home One Night," "Lill," "Ring Dang Doo," "Lulu," "Larry Turn the Crank" series, "The Old Sport,"

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"In Movile," "Down the Lehigh Valley," "Christmas in the Harem," "Speech of the Hon. Cassius M. Johnson before the Arkansas House of Representatives," Eugene Field's "Diabetic Dog," Mark Twain's "Fireside Conversation of Queen Elizabeth," and many others too numerous to mention.

We, however, are writing to *The Nation* to notify your readers that our versions of many of the songs are incomplete or incorrect. We are requesting that they send us any material that they possess. Typewriting costs will be gladly paid on all such offerings.

We are particularly anxious to obtain all the verses of "Hinky Dinky Parley Vous," especially the non-parlor versions, and also the numerous unpublished American Flying Corps songs. With the hope that your readers will send offerings to Alan N. Steyne, 164 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y., we are sincerely,

ALAN N. STEYNE
Rochester, N. Y., January 28 HUBERT CANFIELD

A Call to Perth Amboy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For a number of years I was a fairly steady reader of *The Nation* and kindred literature. Then I became so steeped in commercialism that I hardly read anything, and of all the modes of starvation that is the most stunting. Now I've come out of the coma and am reading again; to say the least, it feels good to be convalescing.

But I'm not yet satisfied; I'm anxious to get together with others for periodical discussion of questions of the day, if there now are, or can be assembled, such others in or near Perth Amboy, New Jersey. The writer would be glad to hear from anyone interested.

Perth Amboy, N. J., December 23 G. M. GARSSON

Freedom of the Seas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the discussion over Ambassador Pages's life, letters, and work, the following paragraph from Lord Birkenhead's "America Revisited" is of interest:

> And suddenly [when America went into the war] Washington completely forgot about the freedom of the seas; for I can state with considerable knowledge (I was attorney general at the time and responsible for the Crown cases in prize) that the activities of the united fleets upon relevant matters were not very obviously distinguishable from the earlier activities of the British fleet. P. xiv.

Seattle, Washington, December 10 E. McM.

Czecho-Slovakia and German Music

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under the old Austro-Hungarian regime the Germans of the present Czecho-Slovak territory, about 3,500,000 in number, supported, in their days of prosperity, the celebrated School of Music in the Bohemian capital of Prague. This School of Music, which treated the German and Czech nationalities on a footing of parity, giving instruction in both languages, was nationalized and converted to purely Czech uses by the newly established Czech Government in 1919.

To make up for their cultural loss the Germans, though impoverished by war, depreciation of their money, and agrarian confiscations, founded in 1920 the German Academy for Music and Dramatic Art in Prague, with express governmental approval. As a set-off to the confiscation of 1919 the Government pledged itself to pay the new foundation an annual subsidy of 300,000 Czech crowns. This subsidy was paid until 1925, and then reduced to 100,000 crowns—a governmental defection which threw the straitened finances of the school into ruin. Meantime, the new institution had achieved fame, not only in Czecho-Slovakia but far beyond its bounds, as a main European center of musical and dramatic culture. It is unable, at present, to meet its obligations, and is threatened with extinction, unless the music lovers of foreign parts come to its aid.

This renowned art center appeals to American music lovers to make haste in coming to the rescue of a prospective victim of the nationalist policies of the Czech Republic. Contributions may be mailed to the writer, II, Krakauergasse 21, Prague, or to the German Academy for Music and Dramatic Art, II, Vladislavova 23, Prague.

Prague, February 6 SENATOR DR. WILHELM MEDINGER

Solomon Said—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Knowing Solomon very well, I asked him and he said:

"The preacher heard a voice in the wind and was frightened. He reported the words of the voice and called it Science.

"The poet heard a voice in his heart and saw a vision there, and what he heard was music and what he saw was beauty. He called the story Love.

"The boy called Bad didn't like the preacher and thought the poet was a sissy, so he smoked a pipe behind the barn, saying: 'I'll educate myself.'

"That Boy's intelligence is going to get the best of him. Watch out, *Nation*," said Solomon.

Balboa, California, January 15 Bo Ho

Cotton and Research

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In regard to the article by Nell Battle Lewis, The University of North Carolina Gets Its Orders, in *The Nation* for February 3: The university did not ask permission to make the study; it asked the cooperation and official backing of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association. The manufacturers' Association did not say the university could not make the study; it said it did not wish to cooperate and did not think the study necessary. The university did not lie down and "stay put," but is proceeding with the study in modified form.

The Institute for Research in Social Science at the University of North Carolina asked the Cotton Manufacturers' Association "to cooperate in the following ways":

> A. To suggest men and mills that will be willing and able to give, or allow representatives of the institute to collect from their records, data which are not officially available in other ways, and to officially introduce the representatives of the institute to these men for those purposes.
>
> B. To allow the institute to submit findings to the secretary of the association and, through his recommendation, to mill men best qualified to comment on the various topics. While the representatives of the institute cannot guarantee to agree in every instance to interpretations suggested by these men, they do engage to see that in event of disagreement as to interpretation the discussion shall present both sides.

In conversation with the secretary and with various mill men, Section A was interpreted to mean that, even when introduced by the association, the individual mill was free to refuse to go into the fairly elaborate scheme of cooperation that was contemplated.

Although the institute and the university regretted the fact that the association did not see fit officially to back the study in this way it is hard to see that they did not have the right to do so, as the university said at the time.

Chapel Hill, N. C., February 25 HARRIET L. HERRING

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Books and Music

Home Song

By CLAUDE McKAY

Oh breezes blowing on the red hill-top
By tall fox-tails,
Where through dry twigs and leaves and grasses hop
The dull-brown quails!

Is there no magic floating in the air
To bring to me
A breath of you, when I am homesick here
Across the sea?

Oh black boys holding on the cricket ground
A penny race!
What other black boy frisking round and round,
Plays in my place?

When picnic days come with their yearly thrills
In warm December,
The boy in me romps with you in the hills—
Remember!

Paris, 1925.

First Glance

THAT branch of literature which deals with true and famous criminal cases suffers, so far as I can see, no ups and downs of favor. The audience may be a limited one, but it is remarkably constant, and I fancy that a publisher never has erred by bringing out a book which raked the coals of an old murder mystery. Familiar as the facts may be, almost any new arrangement of them will achieve some of the principal virtues of fiction; and the facts themselves will have once more the virtue of intimate history. The mass of mankind is doubtless engrossed all of the time in speculation upon the good life and the serene. A certain incorrigible minority, however, will always be stopping to hear about those who digress into the bad life and the violent.

Arthur Machen's latest book, "The Canning Wonder" (Knopf: $3.50), brings back an old mystery which, as it happens, involved no crimes greater than perjury and theft, although one person came very near to being hanged and the whole of England talked of little else for a year. On the first of January, 1753, Elizabeth Canning, a London servant girl, disappeared as she was returning from a New Year's call and was not seen until twenty-eight days later, when she came to her mother's house in a distressful condition. The story she told to explain her disappearance was that two ruffians had beaten her and dragged her to a house ten miles out of London; that a woman of the house, upon being told by Elizabeth that she would never "go their way," had cut the stays from her body and pushed her into a room; and that she remained a prisoner there until she escaped from a window and walked home. The two ruffians were never found, but when Elizabeth was taken to the house of Susannah Wells ten miles out of London she identified an old gipsy, Mary Squires, as the woman who had stolen her stays and "Mother" Wells herself as the keeper of the place where she had been. The attempts to prove this story true took the case into many courts. Mary Squires, sentenced at first to hang, was released when witnesses established that she had been in another part of England upon the night in question. But Elizabeth persisted in her tale, which Justice Henry Fielding among many others believed. Mr. Machen, who goes over the whole ground skilfully if garrulously, is convinced that Elizabeth was "an infernal liar." So was the final court, which found her guilty of perjury and shipped her to Connecticut, where she married a Quaker and died in 1773. If she did lie, where had she actually been and what had happened to her? That is the mystery of Elizabeth Canning, and doubtless it will never be solved. Those who find Mr. Machen too harsh may read Fielding's pamphlet on the case, or at least Professor Cross's summary of it in his "History of Henry Fielding."

In "The Overbury Mystery" (Scribner's: $5) Judge Edward Abbott Parry tricks out, rather too unctuously in the uniform of fiction, the celebrated case of Sir Thomas Overbury, who in the time of James I died unaccountably in the Tower of London. Persons high and low, among them the Earl and Countess of Somerset, were suspected of a plot, and several convictions were secured by Chief Justice Coke and Sir Francis Bacon. But the truth is still unknown—Judge Parry romantically insisted that it died with the court physician in 1655.

More satisfactory than either of these padded volumes I find "The Trial of Ronald True," edited by Donald Carswell for the excellent series called Notable British Trials (London: William Hodge and Company: $3.50). In 1922 Ronald True, an insane aviator, murdered Gertrude Yates, or "Olive Young." Here is the fascinating evidence which was given in court, and here is no commentary other than an expert introduction and summary equaled for interest by nothing I know of in equal space. Whatever distinction can be made between fiction and fact will be clear to whoever reads Mr. Carswell's volume.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Spark of Europe's Explosion

The Serajevo Crime. By M. Edith Durham. London: Allen and Unwin. 7/6.

IN his "Twenty-five Years" Lord Grey begins the last chapter of the first volume with the words: "The world will presumably never be told all that was behind the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand. Probably there is not, and never was, any one person who knew all that there was to know."

I agree that these statements may still be true. Even the Bolshevik disclosures of Russia's secret diplomacy before the war have not yet definitely proved that the Czarist ministers were cognizant of the murder-plot beforehand, and even Miss Durham's book does not definitely prove that Pachich and the rest of the Serbian Government were aware of its actual details. But her book throws a new light—a terrible flood of light—upon the ghastly event that was the immediate occasion of the European war at a moment when the ultimate causes of war appeared to be smoothed over and the sky seemed comparatively clear.

Everyone who knows the Balkans knows Miss Durham as a woman of extraordinary courage and intimate acquaintance with Balkan politics and intrigues. Her special knowledge is of Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Albania. Owing to her

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friendship for the Albanians, among whom she lived for so many years and whose interests she so faithfully served, I have heard her works criticized as being prejudiced in their favor. No prejudice in favor of the Albanians would ever surprise me, for they are the most likable and trustworthy of the Balkan races; but in this book the case of Albania hardly comes in, and the country is hardly mentioned. All that can be said is that the Serbs are the persistent enemies of the Albanians on their north and east frontiers, just as the Greeks are on the south. Otherwise, the subject of the volume has nothing whatever to do with Albania. It is an attempt to unravel the atrocious intrigue that led to the Serajevo murders—an intrigue in which leading Serbs, if not the Serbian Government, were deeply implicated.

People who have never lived in the Balkans can hardly realize the intensity of the nationalist or race hatred prevailing among the different little nations there. One might say that in 1914 (the year with which the book is concerned) Greeks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Albanians, and Montenegrins hated one another with a virulence surpassing their hatred of the Turks, whom two years before they had by combination succeeded in almost expelling from the peninsula. I would add the Rumanians except that they have always claimed not to belong to the Balkans at all, though their behavior in 1913 might be called more Balkan than the Balkans in its greed and meanness. But after the second Balkan War (1913), when the Greeks and Serbs had combined to crush their former allies, the Bulgarians, who had done most of the work in defeating the Turks the year before, the Serbian self-confidence was so wildly elevated that the Serb leaders began to intrigue for that "Greater Serbia" which had been the dream of the race at least since the Treaty of Berlin thirty-five years earlier. The obstacle was Austria, for more than half of "Greater Serbia" was in Austria's hands as a definite possession since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. And the representative of Austria was the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the enlightened heir to the empire, who had married a Slav wife and purposed allaying the hostility of the Slav populations by creating a Slav kingdom added to Austria-Hungary in a triune empire. If that were done, what would become of the Greater Serbian dream? Obviously the Archduke must die, and the murder of princes and kings had become almost traditional in Serbian politics. It was only eleven years since a band of officers had atrociously butchered their own king and queen, and there were earlier precedents.

Miss Durham has set herself to trace the plot that accomplished this new Serbian murder, which was to cause the death of so many millions of young men, the ruin of so many thousands of innocent families, and the enormous taxation under which all Europe suffers, besides creating a Serbia great beyond the fondest hopes of the assassins and their accomplices. For by far the greater part of her evidence she depends upon Serbian sources, to which her knowledge of the Serbian language gives her access. Her chief authorities are the "Murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand" (1923), by Professor Stanojevich, professor of history in Belgrade University; "Die Habsburger und die Südslavenfrage," by Hermann Wendel, described as "violently anti-Austrian," and so violently in favor of the Serbs; an article in *Krv Slovenstva* (1924), by Ljuba Jovanovich, who was Minister of Education in the Pachich Government at the outbreak of the war, and is still a leading Serbian politician; and the evidence at a trial for high treason held at Saloniki (1917) upon ten Serbs, nearly all officers. The charges against these officers had no direct connection with the Archduke's murder, but the character and action of many engaged in that plot were revealed, and Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijevich, of the General Staff, was executed with others, his pardon being refused by the Serbian Government on the ground that "he had organized the Serajevo murders."

Of these authorities I think the reminiscences of Ljuba Jovanovich are the most important and conclusive. The man is absolutely frank, and feels no shame in stating that Pachich and he himself knew perfectly well beforehand that the murder was to be effected on a certain day and by certain youths who had crossed the Serbian frontier into Bosnia for the purpose. A fortnight or three weeks before the murder Pachich, as Prime Minister, told Ljuba and others of the cabinet that "certain persons were preparing to go to Serajevo to kill Franz Ferdinand, who was to go there to be solemnly received on Vidovdan" (the commemoration of the utter defeat of the Serbs by the Turks in the Middle Ages). It was agreed to order the frontier guards to forbid the youths to cross, but the guards, who themselves belonged to "the Organization" (the Black Hand), had already let them through, and though Pachich had at least a fortnight to give warning to Vienna, and might have done so by telephone in a minute, he let the matter rest. It is true that the Serbian Minister in Vienna did, "on his own initiative," warn another minister there to dissuade the Archduke from the visit to Serajevo, but the warning was concerned with quite a different kind of plot—the possibility that some soldier at the proposed review might fire ball cartridge instead of blank. Ljuba then describes how, on the fatal day when the news of the murder came to him by telephone, "even though I knew what was being prepared there, nevertheless I felt, as I held the receiver, as though someone had dealt me an unexpected blow." The unexpected does happen, but so, in this case, did the expected.

Miss Durham traces with minute care the complicated threads of the plot as arranged by its agents, who were all members of the "Union or Death" (Black Hand) Society, meeting in Belgrade. The chief conspirators were the Colonel Dragutin Dimitrijevich, of the General Staff, mentioned above, who actually designed the means for accomplishing the murder; Jan Hosich, a leader of Serbian "Komitadjes," or bands; and Milan Ciganovich, a Serbian railway official, who supplied the three actual murderers with bombs and revolvers for the deed, remaining himself in Belgrade or hidden in the neighborhood, as the Austrians well knew when they demanded that Austrians should be present at the inquiries in Serbia after the murder—the very point on which their ultimatum was refused, thus leading directly to the war. The man is supposed still to be living, having been spirited away by the Serbian authorities to America under a false passport. The three Bosnian boys who actually committed the crime were chosen as tuberculous and likely to die soon in any case, as in fact, after being sentenced to imprisonment for life, they have since done.

Many other threads in the vile intrigue are followed in Miss Durham's book, many are suggested, and the cumulative evidence of Serbian guilt is irresistible. Ljuba writes: "The Serbs believed that they were so well supported that Austria would not dare to move." But Miss Durham adds the significant comment that if England had then known what we may all know now "not a volunteer in England would have been found to fight for the murderers."

HENRY W. NEVINSON

Portrait of a Warrior by Himself

Aus meiner Dienstzeit, 1906-1918. Von Feldmarschall Conrad. Fünfter Band. Wien: Rikola Verlag.

WHILE drafting the fifth and final volume of his bulky memoirs Field Marshal Conrad, chief military adviser of Francis Joseph and his hapless successor, must have had a strong presentiment of approaching death; for the volume is a comprehensive summary of all previous arguments, a retrospect and clarification of all that went before. The author objects to the characterization of his monumental work as a *pièce justificative*, and technically he is in the right. As a soldier he had always urged offensive tactics, on the principle that an attack is the best defense. As an historian he sticks to the same principle—his memoirs are an unending attack upon his fellow-workers, colleagues, and superiors, the diplo-

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mats, parliamentarians, and war ministers of the Dual Monarchy and the strategists of the German allies. He prides himself upon his "true Germanism," yet his savage polemics do not stop at the boundary line of comradely loyalty—he broadly hints regret at the loyalty of Austria to Germany during the World War and chides the war lords of moribund Germany for having called the allied monarchy "a cadaver." To compel posterity to read his long-drawn-out polemics he resorts to an ingenious device; he sandwiches his aggressive arguments between a welter of more or less important documents and factual revelations that are certain to be consulted by future historians.

If Conrad's work be in substance a piece of self-defense, it is unsuccessful. Close scrutiny confirms the plausible presumption that in many instances Conrad himself was an accomplice or first promoter of the crimes he denounces in others. Thus he tiresomely reiterates that the statesmen of the Central Powers had bungled the diplomatic preparation of the World War so badly as to make victory well-nigh impossible. That was Conrad's well-pondered opinion in the summer of 1914. Did he make a serious attempt, on the strength of his better insight, to dissuade the Emperor and his ministers from going to war? Nothing of the kind. We have his own word for it that immediately after the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, in the closing week of June, 1914, he urged war against Serbia, fully conscious of the risk of a world conflagration. Right after receiving word of the event he entrained for Vienna and hastened to Berchtold, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to urge upon him the idea of going to war, to dispel his doubts, and to stiffen his backbone by resolute pressure. At the celebrated cabinet meeting of July 7 Conrad's expert opinion on the military prospects and chances of an impending World War prevailed upon all the ministers present with the exception of the skeptical Count Tisza. In those early July days Francis Joseph was rather doubtful as to Wilhelm's belligerent intentions, but Conrad soothed his sovereign's anxieties. When Wilhelm's definite assent to the great venture arrived in Vienna Conrad was jubilant over Francis Joseph's final resolve to go to war. From July 27 onward Conrad himself and the tools of the Field Marshal daily urged the German Government to resort to an ultimatum against Russia. When the ultimatum finally came, on the last day of July, Conrad felt that he had scored heavily. In his memoirs he expresses regret only over a few days lost in pacific negotiations.

Against the German army leaders Conrad levels the reproach that, in critical ventures dependent upon their preconcerted actions, they left him in the lurch. He refers repeatedly and bitterly to the dishonored war plan of a military convention agreed upon in 1909 among Austria, Hungary, and Germany. In the terms of that convention Germany bound herself, in the event of a war, to turn offensively against France at the very outset, to press a decisive move within six weeks from the inception of hostilities, and then, beginning with the fortieth day after mobilization, to reinforce the Austrian East front by a withdrawal of German troops from the West front so as to render possible an aggressive, victorious Russian campaign. Instead of the expected victory over the French, the Germans in the sixth week of their campaign sustained the defeat at the Marne. Disregarding the German reverses, Conrad kept on pressing the German army leaders for the promised reinforcements. In his memoirs he treats them as dishonest debtors, harping upon their default with the insistence of an exasperated creditor. Yet it was Conrad himself who had urged the military convention of 1909 upon the reluctant Moltke and finally had won him over by conceding the very proviso which his retrospective censures conveniently ignore—to wit, that the German reinforcements of the Austrian front in the East should be dependent upon a German victory in the West. In November, 1914, Conrad adjured the German military authorities to abandon the whole preconcerted war plan, to restrict themselves to defensive tactics in the West, and to bring about a victorious decision of the entire war through a sweeping victory on the Eastern front. His braggart self-consciousness gives away his case. He stands revealed—on 4,000 pages of his own inditing—as a pioneer, prime mover, and whipper-in of a war which he characterizes as hopeless from the beginning and of a number of military and diplomatic moves which he censures forgetful of his own participation. As self-revelation and as important documents his five gigantic volumes are of historical value; as an *apologia pro vita sua* they are a failure.

HEINRICH KANNER

Entente Cordiale

France and the French. By Sisley Huddleston. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

ENGLAND was the first of the Allied countries to make an honest attempt at understanding her former foes; now she is tackling the task, which may prove more puzzling, of understanding her friends. For such a purpose the bitterness of Mr. Robert Dell has its drawbacks, while the ineffable self-complacency of M. Albert Feuillerat is even worse. The present book, well-informed, readable without being literary, and above all judicial, is exactly what we had been praying for.

The book is a veritable encyclopedia of France since the war. When I first glanced at the appalling tables of contents I half wished the author had left out the whole first book, Social and Intellectual. I thought he would have space only for platitudes in such chapters as Fostering Family Life, The Truth About the Frenchwoman, or Types of Town Dwellers; and barely room for lists of names in the sections devoted to literature, art, science, and philosophy. But even that first part is much better than I had thought possible. It suffers inevitably from excessive condensation. There are a few amusing slips, like the "estuary" of the Rhone, or this elaborate misquotation from Verlaine: "Prends-moi la littérature et tords-lui le cou!" Mr. Huddleston does not pose as an expert in such matters. This enables him, once in a while, to blurt out truths that professionals keep under triple lock. No student of philosophy would have dared to say that "On the whole, the influence of Victor Cousin is strongest, though the spiritualism of Bergson has impregnated modern philosophy." A harsh judgment, yet richly deserved.

But in the second book, Political and Economic, Mr. Huddleston is in his element. He passes in review the Constitution, Chamber and Senate, Foreign Policy, the Fighting Forces, Population and Immigration, Church and State, a Franco-German Trust, the Economic Revolution, Colonial Enterprise, France's Fortune and State Finances, Taxation Direct and Indirect, the Problem of Inflation, and Foreign Debts. In every one of these thirteen chapters he is excellent. We might suggest that, like all foreign critics, he overemphasizes ministerial instability. A change of cabinet has not at all the same significance in Paris that it has at Westminster. It is a mere readjustment of personalities and influences, a reshuffling of the old pack—with at least even chances that M. Aristide Briand will be found on top. The surface alone is agitated; the business of legislation and administration proceeds smoothly enough. Mr. Huddleston overestimates the purely nominal preeminence of the Minister of Justice (Keeper of the Seals), and he fails to indicate that under normal circumstances the Minister of the Interior is by far the more important. In describing the mode of votation in the Chambers he does not mention the curious fact that deputies can entrust to their friends their supply of little blue and white slips, signifying Aye and No, so that six hundred votes may be cast at a morning sitting with only fifty members in actual attendance.

On Foreign Policy, his very special field, Mr. Huddleston is particularly illuminating. One can heartily indorse his em-

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phatic affirmation that, at the time of the armistice, the ordinary man or woman in France was neither cynical nor imperialist; nothing was wanted but a clean peace. Unfortunately, the leaders were not so simple-minded. "Of M. Clemenceau, it may frankly be said that he was cynical; of Mr. Lloyd George, it may be said that he had glimpses of the truth, but permitted himself to be swayed by the passions of the moment. Of Mr. Wilson, it is better to say nothing at all." So France found herself with two problems on her hands, neither of which could be in the least advanced by everlastingly harping on "our great and glorious victory": reparations and security.

In connection with the Interallied Debts Mr. Huddleston expounds very fairly the French doctrine of "the Common Cause." In spite of the "sacred egoism" evinced by Messrs. Clemenceau, Poincaré, and Millerand, that doctrine retains a great deal of truth; we should not have gone into the war at all if we did not believe in the common cause. But he introduces proper qualifications. The "cause" never affected all the Allies in exactly the same degree. France suffered more than we did, but she was saved from utter ruin by our free intervention. The debt question cannot be settled purely on a sentimental basis; but it would be wrong and unwise to eliminate sentiments and principles altogether from the terms of settlement. England is showing us an example of generosity—which ultimately will prove good business.

The book ends with the inevitable blare of trumpets and crash of cymbals, and the prophecy that France "is resolved to continue the march in her accustomed place in the Vanguard of Civilization." Mr. Huddleston, no doubt, has heard that fine phrase a hundred times at the end of Franco-British or Inter-Allied banquets. But, apart from this innocent touch of post-prandial rhetoric, he has made a strong case for his optimism. France is working as hard as ever, but with greater boldness, with vastly increased resources, with an equipment which, in many cases, is literally up to the minute. Among the major European nations she is the only one with a Government definitely committed to liberal ideas. After a long fit of Gallomania too many of us have relapsed into our old attitude of indifference and semi-hostility. If we want to be not merely fair but sympathetic to France, without sacrificing any of our principles, we could find no better guide and no better model than this book.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Books in Brief

Shakespeare der Mensch. Von Helene Richter. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. $1.

In this interesting psychological study the attempt is made to reveal Shakespeare's personality from his works with a view to bringing about a closer contact between the poet and the modern reader. Great stress is laid upon Shakespeare's wonderful sense of stage effect—which is not limited to spontaneous flashes of ingenuity and occasional insight into theatrical possibilities but displays inexhaustible wealth of creative power. In the third chapter Woëfflin's categories are for the first time applied to the poet's plays, care being taken to show the great accuracy wherewith dramatic principles are adopted and carried through.

Collection Leurs amours. La Vie amoureuse d'Adrienne Lecouvreur. Par Cécile Sorel. Paris: Ernest Flammarion.

In the turgid Scribe-Legouvé play "Adrienne Lecouvreur" that sentimentally inclined actress is made to say, when congratulated on her unusually fine performance of "Phèdre" one evening: "I was suffering terribly that day, I was miserably unhappy. . . . One is not so fortunate every evening!" The actress-biographer of poor Adrienne quotes this self-conscious *mot* with the comment: "Here is the touch by which we recognize a superior soul." And we may add, in our turn: here is the key in which the entire volume is pitched, and here is the one lesson we are expected to gain from the disordered life and the tragic death of a great actress who (in the reviewer's judgment, not Cécile Sorel's) seems to have inherited a touch of her father's derangement. To be a great artist you must lose your heart and your virtue to men who trample you under foot; and you must school yourself to gratitude for the trampling, remembering that if they had not been unconscionable brutes you could not have been a great artist.

Friedrich der Grosse. Von Reinhold Conrad Muschler. Leipzig: Verlag Fr. Wilh. Gronow.

The German novelist and historian Conrad Muschler, clinging bravely to Virgil's "forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit," reminds his sorely tried countrymen that the wisest and most successful ruler in another period of disorder was the German Frederick II. His biography is bare of apocryphal anecdote, and only mildly curious of those bloody chess games called battles. He is pleased with Frederick's indignant outburst at mention of Saint Louis: "Great lover of his people, to send them to be killed!" and he concerns himself almost entirely with the king's constructive labors. Documents appear at great length, the report of the physician in attendance during Frederick's last days, for example, filling more than fifty pages of a six-hundred-page book.

Die Mundharmonika. Erzählungen von Waldemar Bonsels. Leipzig: Koehler und Amelang.

Waldemar Bonsels wrote a child's story, "The Bee Maja," which has been translated into twenty languages and in his own country has gone into half a thousand editions. He is Germany's most widely read novelist, although his stories are bare of incident, are free from every trace of rhetoric, descriptive richness, boisterous humor, licentiousness, or any of the other obvious qualities or defects which usually spell popularity. They contain more than a trace of the slightly annoying, slightly sissified emotionalism which stamps most Germans—those hard, invincible barbarians who had the world cold with fright within the decade—and their author is so indifferent to plot, progress, or climax that it is hard to see why he started some of his formless sketches at all. It would be very easy to pick a hundred flaws in this collection of sad fragments; but what would not be so easy, having once read them carefully, would be to forget them. Waldemar Bonsels has two merits in such high degree as to rank him with the great literary creators. He knows the deep secrets of human souls; and he knows how to make his reader see with his mind's eye what the author has seen with the keen eyes of his body. The stories in this collection deal for the most part with events of the war, but their penetrating pathos is of all time.

Die Marine-Justiz-Morde von 1917 und die Admirals-Rebellion von 1918. Von Wilhelm Dittmann. Berlin: J. H. W. Dietz.

A minute investigation of the events that led to the revolutionary outbreak in the German navy in November, 1918. The importance of Dittmann's contribution lies in his conclusive proof that the activities of the Independent Socialist Party were not responsible for the disturbances of October, 1917, and the developments that followed, but that the peace agitation of the sailors was spontaneous—largely the result of undernourishment and the inexcusable conduct of many commanding officers. The tactics used in collecting evidence to prove that an "insidious peace propaganda" was being circulated by the crews of many battleships, the glaring injustice of the trials that followed, and the execution of two purported ringleaders all too clearly show the utter incapacity of those who conducted the investigation. From the evidence which Dittmann has brought together, taken largely from official documents, one must come to the conclusion that it was mainly the unwillingness of Admiral von Scheer and other commanding officers to assume a conciliatory attitude which resulted in deeply imbedding in the minds of the sailors the thought of actual munity.

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Music

Marion Talley and Older

THAT Miss Marion Talley did not live up to all of the expectations held out by the press is not to be wondered at. Not even Patti herself, to whom Miss Talley has been likened, could have done so. That this nineteen-year-old star lived up to as many as she did is surprising, for more experienced artists than she have lost their voices as well as their heads in far lesser ordeals; and Miss Talley lost neither. Her voice proved to be very fresh and exquisite in its quality, and her head very level indeed. Only a tendency to tighten in the extreme heights betrayed any nervousness in the Gilda of her debut. That this tendency is not a habit she showed in the more difficult Lucia of her second performance. Throughout both performances she maintained a natural simplicity of manner that emphasized her youth very charmingly and that covered certain artistic deficiencies. Her faults are, in fact, faults of omission rather than of commission. Her trill needs perfecting, her fioratura work cleaner execution, her production itself more breath support; and musically and histrionically she needs to get into the skin of her roles. Whether or not she studies with a certain famous singing teacher here—a matter which seems to have exercised quite a few—is not so much to the point as that she studies. One can understand her hesitation in studying at all, as her natural instrument is rare and delicate, and there are but too many singing teachers "famous for their reputations" only. But the press and Metropolitan have put Miss Talley in a dangerously high position—a position so high that only steady progress in her voice and art can keep her there.

After an absence of nine years from the Metropolitan stage, Schumann-Heink returned to sing Erda in "Das Rheingold." By a stroke of irony the prima donna of sixty-five followed on the heels of the prima donna of nineteen. Here, too, was a singer whom nature had endowed with a great voice, but here was one whom fortune had not favored so young. The roles she had glorified on this stage she had had to learn over a two-burner gas stove while she cooked her children's meals. The voice she had brought to such perfection had been brought there, to use her own words, by "Work! Work—and no methods!" Next year will mark the fifty years she has been before the public; but it was her performance in "Rheingold" last week that marked the miracle of those years. For her voice, though impaired in the heights, still rolled out, rich and controlled. And her art worked its old magic. As Erda she did not appear until the close of the performance, and until she did both Valhalla and Nibelheim had grown very tiresome—looking more and more like pasteboard, and their inhabitants like bewigged and painted lay figures of flesh and blood. Then the veiled figure of Erda rose from the earth, shrouded in the mystery of earth, and the miracle happened. The pasteboard turned to rocks, the lay figures to gods and goddesses. Wagner had returned to the theater and illusion to the stage. One was seeing and hearing opera as it used to be given at the Metropolitan.

It is a far cry from the days when Julia Culp introduced "Deep River" and, with it, the singing of spirituals to the concert stage. Since then Roland Hayes has developed this singing to its highest concert perfection, shorn of the concert tricks with which Culp had obscured it. And in the meantime Paul Robeson and J. Rosamund Johnson have dared to bring the "revival" element into this singing by introducing the responses. Robeson, with his beautiful voice, comes nearest perhaps to the standards set by Hayes, because, although he has not the concert training and experience of the latter, he has that dignity, simplicity, and sincerity which form the basis of Hayes's art. Johnson, however, has taken one step further toward church and camp-meeting by developing this religious fervor into a sort of ecstasy. It seems a logical trend as well as a graphic phase of this—for us—new art. He has made one mistake, however, and that is to place Negro secular songs side by side. Their sentimentality becomes unbearably cheap next to the beauty and sincerity of sentiment found in the spirituals. The latter need no "relief," nor Mr. Johnson any apology for giving them.

"Skyscrapers," the new ballet by John Alden Carpenter and Robert Edmond Jones which the Metropolitan presented recently, proved to be an experiment so vital that many have looked upon it as the birth of an American choreography. A free fantasy on American life in its aspects of work and play, introducing the masses at work in the form of laborers putting up giant structures of steel and at play in the form of a conventionalized Coney Island, it has proved an excellent vehicle for bringing in solo dancers from Broadway, Negro singers from Harlem, paraphrases on certain remarkable features of our genius for the dance, and the jazz rhythms of the "modern" orchestra. With the magic given only to artists Messrs. Carpenter and Jones have been able to present the garishness of this life with beauty and distinction. With the results they have achieved, a new trail has been clearly blazed for the American composer and scenic artist.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

THEATER

¶ *Ibsen's "GHOSTS" with Actors' Theatre cast, including Lucile Watson, Jose Ruben, Edward Fielding, Hortense Alden, J. M. Kerrigan; staged by Dudley Digges; at Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.*

¶ *Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER" for special mats. only Thursday and Friday, 2:30, at Comedy Theatre. Actors' Theatre cast includes Emily Stevens, Patricia Collinge, Louis Calhern, Frank Conroy and Dudley Digges.*

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LECTURES

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, 14th St. and 2nd Ave.
DEBATE:—"Have the English or the French Made the Greater Contributions to Literature?"
JOHN COWPER POWYS vs. WILL DURANT
March 27, 1926, 8.15 P. M.
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LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL 14th St. 2nd Ave.
Mar. 24, 8:30 p.m.: WILL DURANT on "The Evolution of the State"—first of 7 lectures on "Political Philosophy."
Mar. 28, 5 p.m.: WILL DURANT on "Baudelaire"—first of 4 lectures on "Recent French Poetry."
Admission 25c. Send name to 244 E. 14th St. for syllabus.

THIS SUNDAY NIGHT—8 O'CLOCK
FLOYD DELL
ON "LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION."
WORKERS' SCHOOL FORUM
108 East 14th Street Admission 25 cents.
Sunday, March 28—Louis Lozowick, "Art and Revolution."

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International Relations Section

"The Trees of Peace"

AN encouraging development of active peace sentiment is described in the following communication from Lida Gustav Heymann of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, German section:

At the time of the Ruhr occupation, when the question of reparations served the chauvinists of France and Germany as a pretext for bringing hatred in both camps to the boiling-point, the women of the German section of our league resolved upon an act of voluntary reparation. They planned the building of a town hall somewhere in the vicinity of war-blasted Lille. In the midst of villages burned down, acres blighted, and trees destroyed a town hall built by Germans was to rise, as a witness for generations yet unborn of a German-French reconciliation. The youth of our nation and its toiling masses enthusiastically hailed our idea. Penniless women gave their trinkets and many their last dollar. Then came the inflation, the money collected turned worthless in our hands, the economic crisis in Germany brought the masses to the verge of starvation—our work, for the time being, was undone, and dull despair took hold of our souls. When the French section of our league heard of our frustrated plans and of our plight a response came in a spirit akin to our own. The French section, too, felt an impulse to make reparation in the form of relief for those suffering from the German famine and military oppression. French women, interceding with the French authorities, procured many alleviations for the German masses. They gave money, food, and clothes to needy families, they nursed starving children back to health, they initiated an exchange of letters between German and French families, a correspondence which, in many instances, is carried on to this day. Thus they brought about understanding, compromise, reconciliation.

In those days we decided that the good-will of the German section must somehow be translated into action. But how? The tree-lover who has seen that part of northern France which was withered by the World War will never forget the sad spectacle of many thousands of trees riddled and rendered lifeless by projectiles. There they stand like an army of ghosts, stretching their sapless, leafless branches to heaven, mute witnesses of the curse of war, an indictment of human destructiveness preserved for future generations.

The German section of the league spread the call for trees all over the fatherland. Give trees, we urged, trees to be planted in northern France, to take the place of those destroyed and to bear witness to future generations of good-will among erstwhile foes. Let the desire for reparation overcome the impulses of hatred and revenge. The nation has heeded our call. On January 29, 1926, the sixtieth birthday of Romain Rolland, the first instalment of our tree fund was turned over to the French section, and notification sent to the author. He wrote to the secretary of the German section, Gertrud Baer:

> Of all the letters I received these days none has moved me more than the one you addressed to me in the name of the German section of your league. A birthday present more beautiful than the planting of those trees cannot be conceived. I read your letter on the 29th to a little group of French and foreign visitors assembled around me, and they all shared my heartfelt emotion. Pray, transmit my cordial thanks to the generous givers. May their fraternal act call forth a wave of sympathy throughout France for a pacifist Germany. I confidently hope that the century-old struggle between the two nations is over now, and that the current of events will enforce a lasting union. I am by no means blind to the perils of the future, but I see them elsewhere. Each day has its own burden and its task—we shall acquit ourselves well in our day if we succeed in reconciling the two great nations of the West.

On February 12 three representatives of the German section—Frida Perlen, Gertrud Baer, and Lida Gustava Heymann—were received by the mayor of Arras, a member of the Socialist-Radical Party, one delegate of the Conservative, and one of the Social Democratic Party. The women told the story of their aims and efforts in the direction of rebuilding and reparation. They stressed the fact that only sympathetic understanding as expressed in action could restore true peace and amity between the two nations, and requested acceptance of their gift of trees as a first token of the new spirit. The mayor expressed cordial gratitude to the representatives of the German section. He informed them that the trees, in the fall of the current year, will be planted in a plain adjacent to the workmen's quarters of the town, so as to give shade to a children's nursery, a milk depot, and other social institutions in process of erection. French children, he added, will be told in their early youth that the trees overshadowing their play are the gift of German women, as a tender of peace and amity after a cruel war. He concluded: "They will be named the Trees of Peace."

A little later a large number of newspapermen appeared, representing the press of Arras, of the Department of Pas de Calais, and of northern France in general. The mayor told them of our mission, and we gratefully informed them of the relief action of the French section during the Ruhr occupation. The next morning the French dailies carried the news of Franco-German cooperative helpfulness into every nook and corner of France. Much hatred was stilled, and better sentiments encouraged everywhere. May this manifestation of unity become a commonplace in the life of European nations, guarding them against the specter of renewed mutual carnage!

Uncovering the Hungarian Bank-Note Scandal

WE print below a confidential and hitherto unpublished report, slightly condensed, on the Hungarian counterfeiting scandal. It was received by the Neutral News Exchange, a European bureau for the preparation and distribution between the various countries of articles on current public events. For obvious reasons the identity of the author of the report cannot be made public.

Since the end of the war hundreds of Hungarian boys and girls have been going every year to Holland for an "eating and drinking cure" which the good-hearted, wealthy Dutch population offers the children of the poorer classes of the countries of Central Europe. Among the youngsters who in the spring of 1924 left for Holland was Istvan Kovacs, a boy of eight years, son of Kaspar Kovacs, the valet de chambre of Prince Windischgraetz. He was taken in by the cashier of a bank in Amsterdam, who became fond of the child and kept him more than a year. When he finally returned to Hungary his foster-parents could not forget him and last fall they went to Sarospatck, where the castle of Prince Windischgraetz is situated, to see the child. A month later, toward the end of November, after their return to Holland, the cashier received a registered letter Istvan's father containing six 1,000-franc notes and a letter in which Mr. Kovacs requested him to change the inclosed money at his bank for Dutch florins. The cashier, who knew from the boy that his father, although in the service of a prince, was not wealthy, did not hesitate and by return mail sent Kovacs the equivalent of 852 Dutch florins for the French bills.

That the bank-notes were new was no reason why the cashier should have suspected their genuineness. The Banque de France was just issuing new notes and every day some of them were sold to the bank. In the evening, however, when he made the

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balance and sorted the cash, he noticed to his amazement that six of the 1,000-franc notes were larger than the others. He examined them closer; they were forged. Who had presented them? Several people had presented 1,000-franc notes, old and new. Suddenly he recalled the six notes from Istvan's father. Had he presented the counterfeits himself? There was no reason to suppose that this was the case. Therefore he simply reported the discovery to his superior without mentioning his own possible part in the affair. The director of the bank informed the Banque de France of the incident, submitting the falsified bills as a clue for the French police.

More Falsified Bank-Notes

On the morning of December 15 Chief Inspector Brackhoff of the Netherlandish Central Office for Forgery Affairs in Amsterdam had a long talk with the Hungarian Minister to Holland. A policeman had just brought a letter from a certain Colonel Jankovich, who on the preceding day had been arrested at the Hague for attempting to sell falsified bank-notes and who was now asking the minister to effect his release. Jankovich also requested him to forward an attached letter to one Marsovszky, who would take over a trunk left by Jankovich in an Amsterdam hotel. A telephoned inquiry at the police station at the Hague revealed details about the arrest that led both Brackhoff and the Hungarian minister to doubt the innocence of Jankovich. It was determined that the trunk should be brought by two of Brackhoff's officers to the legation. There it was opened and found to contain two packages of forged 1,000-franc notes—altogether about 7,500 pieces. There could be no more doubt about the case, and Marsovszky and another Hungarian were promptly put under arrest.

Neither Colonel Jankovich nor his compatriots were ready to make a complete avowal of the origin of the bank-notes. They merely alleged that they had been acting for a certain political purpose. On the third day, however, the situation assumed another aspect upon the arrival of representatives of the Banque de France notified by Inspector Brackhoff of the catch. They had brought with them the counterfeits which the Dutch Bank had sent in a fortnight before and, comparing them with those of Colonel Jankovich, they ascertained that they were of exactly the same fabrication.

The evidence grew. Inspector Brackhoff promptly looked through the books of the bank, the cashier was questioned and confessed that he had himself changed six 1,000-franc notes received from the father of his Hungarian foster-child, who was in the service of Prince Windischgraetz. Moreover, the French officials were in possession of a list of persons who, they asserted, were Jankovich's accomplices. At their head stood the name of Prince Ludwig Windischgreatz. When the list was shown to the Colonel, he was for some minutes out of countenance. He made contradictory statements and finally revealed that he was connected with leading Hungarian politicians and that his passport as well as the trunk with the falsified bank-notes had been handed to him by the president of the Hungarian state police, Dr. Emerich Nadosy, himself.

Colonel Aristide Jankovich, former commander-in-chief of the Budapest army corps, is a brother-in-law of Hungary's present Minister of National Defense, Count Karoly Csaky. He is wealthy, owning, besides a palace in Budapest, several large estates in the province, and plays a leading role in society.

Georg Marsovszky, artillery captain, was at first aide-de-camp of Vice-Regent Horthy. Later, in the year 1922, he became private secretary of Gömbös, the leader of the extreme Hungarian nationalists, and then was appointed district administrator. As general secretary of Gömbös's party he occupies a prominent position in Hungarian public life. Moreover, he is a close friend of Archduke Albrecht's, a prominent aspirant to the Hungarian throne.

The Echo in Budapest

A menacing atmosphere lay upon Budapest during the first days after the occurrences in Holland. While the left opposition press published fantastic reports from their corresondents in the Hague and Amsterdam, the papers of the government parties tried to pass the entire affair over in silence and, when more detailed accounts arrived which could not be ignored, attempted to disavow them.

"It is quite obvious," wrote the *Szóvat*, organ of the extreme Hungarian Nationalist Party, "that there is again a perfidious defamation at work. To assume that men like Colonel Jankovich and Marsovszky could take part in a forgery is a sheer impossibility. Marsovszky was until his departure one of our contributors. This is enough to prove his innocence." Similar pleas were made by the other national papers. Therefore, the public was startled when one day *Uj Nemzedek*, a government paper, commented on the imprisonment of Jankovich and Marsovszky in a long article filled with terms like adventurers, swindlers, and sharpers, risking for mere covetousness the repute of their country. "Finally," it concluded, "the Government has determined to do what all patriots have long demanded: to enforce order with an iron hand."

Immediately the city looked as if it were on the eve of a war. Groups of excited, gesticulating people blocked the pavements. The names Nadosy, Windischgraetz, and also Horthy and Bethlen were to be heard, and when they were uttered people made sure that none of the military patrols, marching through the streets, was in the neighborhood.

It was a hard task for the police of Budapest to act as the "iron hand" of the Government. What could they do when it was obvious that their highest superior had a finger in the pie? In addition the instructions they got were so general and vague that a successful investigation was impossible. On the receipt of an official report from the public prosecutor in Amsterdam of the arrest of the three Hungarians, the houses of these gentlemen as well as the lodging of Kaspar Kovacs, the valet de chambre of Prince Windischgraetz, were searched—evidently too late and therefore without result. An inquiry at the various banks of Budapest produced a counterfeit 1,000-franc note which turned out to be like the others. The clue was followed and led again to Kaspar Kovacs, who was now put under preventive custody. But this was all.

Even a detachment of forty French police officers and detectives arriving a few days later was no more successful. Not knowing the language of the country the Frenchmen were entirely dependent on the help of their Hungarian colleagues, who did not seem to be particularly anxious to promote their efforts to clear up the case. An energetic protest by the French Minister in Budapest, M. Clinchant, against the maneuvers of the Hungarian police and an intimation that Hungary's French credit was at stake finally gave things a new turn. On proposal of the Council of Ministers Police President Emerich Nadosy was suspended from duty and taken up for disciplinary investigation.

Now the inquiry made quick progress. In a short time both the place where the forgery was carried through and the persons directly involved in it were ascertained.

In the course of a couple of days the number of those arrested rose to twenty. Besides Kaspar Kovacs and Police President Emerich Nadosy the following men were taken: Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz; Desider Raba, his secretary; Joseph Szörtsey, vice-president of the Nationalistic Union of Hungary; Ladislaus Gerö, chief of the technical department of the Cartographic Institute; General Hajts, former head of the Cartographic Institute; Colonel Kurcz, present head of the Cartographic Institute, and about fifteen lower employees of that office. Bishop Zadravec, whose arrest seemed for a while unavoidable, was in the last moment saved from prison by a government order based upon insufficient evidence of his direct partnership in the crime.

According to the material gathered during the trial the course of events has been this:

In the fall of 1923 Prince Windischgraetz, the official head of the forgery, had the first talks with Nadosy and with Hajts,

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then head of the Cartographic Institute, regarding a wholesale fabrication of foreign bank-notes for "patriotic" purposes. Windischgraetz's proposal was accepted and all three men agreed upon the French 1,000-franc note. This was done for several reasons: France, whose will had deprived Hungary of two-thirds of her former territory through the peace treaty of Trianon, was to be paid out partly by a further inflation of the French currency, partly by discrediting the most easily negotiable French bank-note on the international market; a country struggling with the financial difficulties that beset France was expected to make no great fuss, should it discover the falsification, in order to avoid a further deterioration of its money abroad; the French 1,000-franc note was easily counterfeited.

By chance Gerö knew of a suitable machine which was bought and removed in closed boxes into one of the cellar-rooms of the Hungarian Cartographic Printing Office, where it was put up by Hajts's most reliable and discreet workers. At this moment the stern face of Bishop Zadravec appears for a moment among the conspirators. For some of the workers assert that, before emptying the cases, they were put under oath by the bishop never to divulge what they would "do, see, or hear in the place."

Ladislaus Gerö, chief of the technical department of the Cartographic Institute, recommended by General Hajts as Hungary's best cartographer, made the clichés, and manufactured the paper for the "note issue," because it had been impossible to get suitable material ready for use. It is interesting to note that, according to representatives of the Banque de France, the ingenious official invented on that occasion—without realizing it—a new method of great practical value for the manufacture of bank-note paper.

The printing of the first set was finished toward the middle of September, 1925, at which time 30,000 notes were ready. Of this number, however, only 20,000 were actually kept. The rest were destroyed for various imperfections detected at a careful examination. The good pieces were sorted and brought in a trunk to the castle of Prince Windischgraetz in Sarospatok.

The Six Thousand Francs of Kaspar Kovacs

There it happened that Kaspar Kovacs, finding the heavy case unlocked, curiously peeped in and saw the bank-notes. Confused by the sight of the money, he grasped four bills lying on top to "look at them closer"—when Prince Windischgraetz unexpectedly reentered the room. Noticing Kovacs bent over the open trunk with a few notes in his hand he rushed forward in a sudden outburst of anger. But quickly gaining his self-control he said: "Kaspar, I know you are not in easy circumstances. Here, take these other two bank-notes and keep what you have, but never tell anybody who gave you the money." With these words he took out two more pieces and handed them to the servant.

The program for placing the forged bank-notes had been worked out by Desider Raba, secretary to Prince Windischgraetz. Amsterdam, the Hague, Hamburg, Christiania, Stockholm, and Milan were the towns to be tried at first. But Jankovich and Marsovszky were trapped and so was a certain Edmund Olchvary, who had been sent to Hamburg. The counterfeit bank-notes in Budapest and abroad which had not been seized by the police were burned, the clichés smelted, and the machines demounted, partly destroyed, and sold as old iron. The plot which, as it now appears, required an investment of more than one and a half billion Hungarian crowns, had come to nothing.

In view of the social position of the persons involved and the attitude of other leading Hungarians toward the bank-note affair, one gains the impression that the forgery was not the plot of a gang of swindlers acting for merely selfish interests, but that it had other superpersonal purposes. The arrested forgers all belonged to the extreme right wing of the Hungarian Nationalists, backing a demand for a restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty and the integrity of the old Hungarian kingdom. The words of the Nationalist Deputy Ulain, "And what of Pitt,

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who deluged Europe with falsified francs to help his country?", say more than all the heated attempts to prove that the affair is of no political significance.

A semi-official news dispatch from Paris states that the French authorities are completely informed about the political background of the bank-note swindle. Its purpose, it says, was to provide money for a great coup d'etat aiming at the proclamation of the Hapsburg Archduke Albrecht, King of Hungary.* Prince Windischgraetz, Albrecht's most intimate friend and adviser, had been intrusted with the organization of the overthrow and above all with the task of procuring the necessary funds. Since money for such an adventure could not be raised in a normal way, the Prince determined to forge foreign bank-notes. On the day when a quarter of the counterfeit notes were to have been placed the revolutionary troops under Gömbös were expected to be occupying the city of Budapest, and under their protection Albrecht would have been crowned in St. Stephan Cathedral by Bishop Zadravec. Any serious resistance was not to be feared, as the most important civil and military authorities had been won for the plan. Horthy, Hungary's present Vice-Regent, would have become King Albrecht's commander-in-chief; Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz, Premier; Gömbös, Minister of War; the leader of the extreme Nationalists, Eckhardt, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Deputy Ulain, Minister of Justice; the director of the public Post-Office Savings-Banks, Baros, who is said to have lent financial help to the forgers, Minister of Finance; and Bishop Zadravec, Minister of Education.

Hungary's present Premier, Bethlen, the same source asserts, knew of the activities of Archduke Albrecht's adherents, though not of the forgery plot. He did not see any possibility of preventive measures, until the bank-note affair offered him an opportunity to proceed against them. Nevertheless his threat that he would "enforce order with an iron hand" soon sank into oblivion and today Bethlen, seeing Hungary's foreign prestige in the scales and the danger of a coup d'etat removed, is doing his utmost—just like the plotters—to deny the political significance of the bank-note swindle.

* This story is told in an article by Emery Déri in *The Nation* for February 3, 1926.

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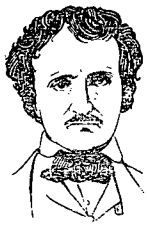

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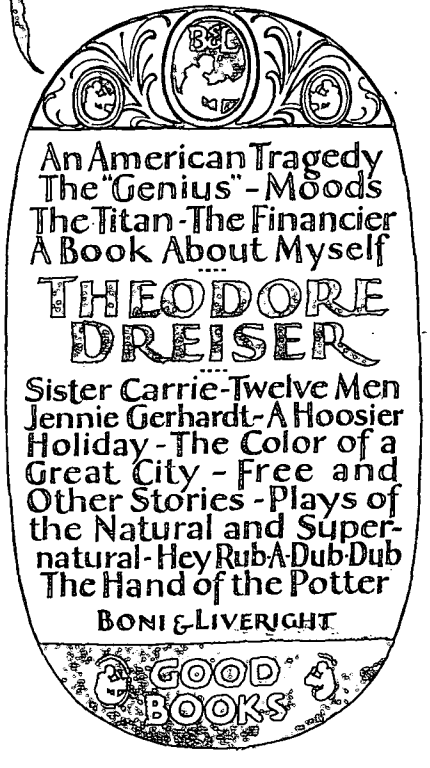
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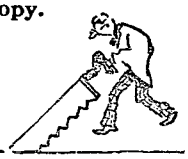

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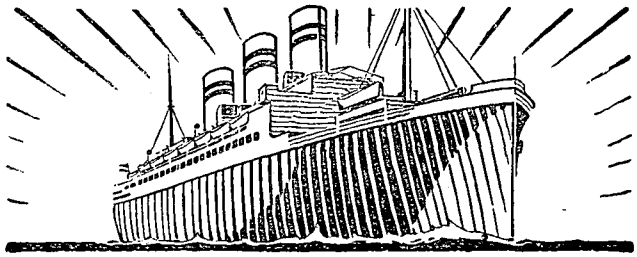

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A Pilgrimage to Europe

A CAREFULLY selected group of educators, editors, ministers and men in public life will make a study of the present situation in Europe during the coming summer. The party will sail on the Cunarder Berengaria on June 23. The entire trip will cost about $700.00 second class, or $550.00 third class.

Lectures are held on the voyage over for preparation and background, and each morning in London, Paris, Berlin and Geneva. During the last five years similar parties have heard lectures in London from such writers as Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Chesterton, Tawney, Laski, Cole and Sidney Webb; political leaders like Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Cecil, Lord Haldane, and other members of parliament of all political parties; employers like Seebohm Rowntree; labor leaders like Arthur Henderson and Robert Smillie, etc. A week-end is spent in Oxford as guests of the University.

The meetings this year will be held in Paris, June 30 to July 5; Toynbee Hall, London, July 7 to 22, under a committee composed of the Warden of Toynbee, Sir William Beveridge, head of the London School of Economics, and Lord Astor. Afternoons and evenings are devoted to sightseeing.

From July 25 to 31 the party will be in Berlin, where Chief Justice Simons, Professor Julius Richter of the University of Berlin and Dr. Arnold Wolfers are arranging the program. Last year the party met President Hindenburg, Chancellor Luther, ex-chancellor Michaelis, Chief Justice Simons, and representative leaders of capital and labor and of the principal parties of the Reichstag.

On August 15 to 21 the Geneva Institute of International Relations makes a thorough study of the League of Nations.

Applications for membership in the party should be made early to the committee.

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